

Smiling through a Monday: Season 2

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Author: HiSpeedCarrot

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/4513602/>

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Summary: Smiling through a Monday: where crazy things happen! Yep, we're back. Sorry, you can't get rid of us that easily! Join us as we post a new beyblade humor adventure every weekday to keep you smiling until you get a break on the weekend. Enjoy! Now moved to Smiling Strikes Again: SmTaM Season 3. Please read seasons 1, 2, and 3 in order. We are not responsible for any casualties.

***Chapter 1*: Fabulous Intro**

Hey everybody!

Some of y'all may be old readers from back when I started Smiling through a Monday, and some of you may be new readers. Here's how it'll work: every weekday, that is, Monday thru Friday, I'll post a new humor chapter. I may have to go on hiatus every once in a while - the muse needs a break, you know. But until then you'll get five chapters a week.

It's best to read the original Smiling through a Monday and learn about some of the character inserts and references that I've posted here. I hope you enjoy, and to tide you over until we actually start, I've posted 4 chapters so you can get a taste of what you're dealing with.

Strap yourselves in, because you're in for a tough ride...

-Mal

***Chapter 2*: What it's like to wake up as me**

The musings of an authoress...

I've been listening to too much Bill Cosby lately.

If you were in my position, dear readers, I think you would know why I duck-tape my door shut on a regular basis. I cover my bed with a fireproof blanket and tie Cat to the machine gun turret, for lack of an actual gun. Besides, if I had an actual gun, I would be in big trouble.

My name is Mal, or Marshie, fatefully nicknamed after a popular snack food. I have in my possession a bedroom, a portal to another dimension, and a cat named Cat.

This house is a mess. Every night I go to bed wondering if I will wake up again with or without one of my limbs, mainly because of that tomato that runs around with a chainsaw and lives in the walls. He was born on a Saturday night. Remind me to tell you that story another time; we've never been able to catch him and I doubt we ever will.

Every morning I wake up with who-knows-how-many crazy people to deal with, myself being one of them; the little kids must be gotten to school, and the older ones must be gotten to sanity counselling. Also many mornings we must retrieve Masamune from the piano and remind him to use actual water when he washes his hair.

As it goes, I am the eldest sibling of four, eldest cousin of ten on my mother's side. For some reason children are drawn to me. Maybe I smell like Cheerios. This can lead to an alarmingly hectic and grape juice-splattered life.

My father built this house a couple years back and I think he used the wrong type of wood. The house seems to have a mind of its own. I also have never been able to fathom why he would build a bomb shelter in the woods, but I suppose it's always good on your part to be prepared. The phrase 'bomb shelter' has since turned into Super-Organic Spanish for Large Extra Pantry.

Super-Organic Spanish is also another story for another time.

Last night I went to bed with words in my head and a cat in my bed. This morning I woke up with a cat on my face and a child on my leg. It was Kevin. I think Ryuga has read him Hop On Pop way too many times. For some reason it translates to Hop On Authoress, which does not rhyme whatsoever. That book is also the main reason for the fireproof blanket.

Kevin told me that there was gum in my hair. I picked him up and decided not to look in the mirror. Kevin blamed Masamune. I blamed Kevin.

I walked into the kitchen and found out that somebody had laid out cups of water on each and every tile in the kitchen; Kevin blamed Cat. I blamed Masamune. Inside the kitchen was a small huddle of kids, trapped by cups of water. Masamune, as expected, was one of them.

The result of a failed prank: he started on the outside of the kitchen and worked inwards, trapping himself. I've done this with the mop before. I had to wait for it all to dry. By the 10th minute, I was convinced I would starve to death before they found me.

I put Kevin on the floor and instructed him not to move. "For every cup I knock over, it's another day that you have to eat Daddy's grits instead of Frosted Flakes", I told the kids. They stood there hoping with all their little hearts that I didn't knock over any cups. Daddy's grits have been in that shelf since before he was born. I told them to be thankful that I meant the ones in the pantry, not the ones he used to glue down the floorboards.

I decided to be nice and not knock over any cups.

Kevin did not have the soft heart that I did.

By the time the cups were all cleaned up, and I had taken Masamune's allowance to buy more cups, it was late in the morning. The children would be late to school if I did not hurry. I gave them all cereal and told them that if they didn't eat it all in time, it was going in the Tupperwares for their school lunches. This will get a kid eating fast. Adults fear taxes, teens fear school every morning, but young children fear only the dark and soggy cereal.

At last the backpacks were packed and on their backs. The shoes were on their feet. The socks were over their shoes. This was not right. And so we had to start all over.

Then Matt realised that Masamune was wearing his shirt and so we had to get the bus to wait while Masamune changed. They were having none of it, so we got Cat to puncture the front tire. They had no spare and so we used a pool tube like little kids use. It was green with orange doritos printed on it.

At last they were on the bus, and in Evelin's case ON TOP OF the bus; but we strapped her down pretty securely so I was not worried.

Welcome to Australia.

Then there was the matter of the rest of the day. I was kidding about the sanity counselling; if only that were true.

Let me explain a little something to you. In this house, 'Couch' means 'Upside Down Fort' and 'Book' means 'Poison'. Just about anything else either qualifies as 'Food' or 'Weapon'. And so Kevin and I came in to find Cat and Ryuga in the couch, reading poison.

Kevin immediately wanted to get in the fort, but I said no. Not with Ryuga. Not unless you have another fireproof blanket handy, and I wasn't about to give him mine.

Tsubasa was still in bed. By the looks of him he'd already had cheese poured on his face once this morning. Somebody had got there before me. I woke him up and locked him in the bathroom until he washed himself off. Yes, this house tends to put locks on the outside of doors and doorknobs on the roof.

By this time the coffee was ready, thank goodness; coffee is to me as a ship is to a drowning man. Kevin had another bowl of cereal and I had a bill to the school for a new front tire. It's just too bad that schools don't take payment in teeth, because we had a whole jarful of those.

I would tell you what happened the rest of the day, but it would take a couple thousand more words that I just don't have in me, and a few more hours. Mainly because the rest of the day hasn't happened yet. If the tomato in the wall has anything to do with it, it never will. I swear he's building up a chainsaw salad army in there.

Perhaps now you understand what it's like to live with your characters. If not, well, maybe you need to re-read this chapter. Just try not to hurt yourself.

***Chapter 3*: The Sheep that Still Is is shorn**

The Story Of The Chainsaw-Wielding Tomato Which Will Not All Be Capitalised I Hope Because Then Somebody Will Get Hurt Because Their Eyes Will Be Falling Out

Written Once Again From The Perspective Of The Authoress Press The Shift Key One More Time And I Will Throw You Out The Window.

We don't often go a day without hearing a chainsaw rattling through the walls.

This story is a tragic one, but it bears repeating. It has a moral: clean out your fridge before it gets to you first.

I was in the kitchen. I am usually in the kitchen. I think my muse likes to feed on the parked gum under the table and, well, where your muse goes, you follow.

Then there was Kyouya. That's how I knew Dad was mad. If Kyouya's in the kitchen for a reason other than eating, it's because he's in trouble. He was cleaning out the fridge.

"What did you do to get in trouble this time?"

"I'm not in trouble. I'm doing a good deed." I shook my head at him. I and Ryuga and Tsubasa and the Sheep That Still Is and everyone else and their dog know that Kyouya was definitely not there to do a good deed.

"Okay. I kicked the Sheep that Still Is out the second story window. Of course, it Still Is, but that can't be helped, apparently."

For some strange reason, my dad was really fond of the Sheep that Still Is and Always Was and Always Will Be Walking By, and was very much offended when anybody tried to kick it. If you haven't heard of the Sheep, refer to the original Smiling through a Monday. Such a tragic chapter, y'know. Unlike my dad, Kyouya hated it, and never really believed me that the Sheep that Still Is always Would Be, so he tried to disprove it all the time.

This is why you must listen to your mum when she tells you folktales, cause it's for a reason.

So Kyouya was sentenced to clean out the fridge, apparently. He glared at the Sheep that Still Is, who was eating part of the rosemary bush as it was Walking By, and set to work.

Now I don't know how long it's been since that fridge was cleaned out. I'm sure if we'd only catalogued it beforehand we could've solved a lot of our problems: Tsubasa wouldn't have had to go to the grocery store for cereal. Ryuga could've avoided Kevin for another month or so. I don't know. But clean fridges save lives. Always remember that.

Kyouya took one of the heavy-duty black trash bags that we normally store roadkill in, I mean, uh, that you use for trash, and started filling it. I hate it when he kicks the Sheep. He always throws away the brand-new never-opened ketchup and then decides that Masamune's mouldy chicken strips that he never finished will be perfectly good for another millennium or so. So I had to make him put stuff back and throw stuff out and basically hover around his shoulder for the next few years that it would take for him to get that fridge clean.

Dad found that the alternative was to let him throw away stuff, and whatever he didn't throw away, he got to eat; whatever he threw away, he had to pay for with his own money. So Kyouya learned the difference between inedible fossils and beautiful groceries very quickly.

The vegetables, though, counted as garbage 24/7, so we would be eating only meat for the next few days.

I think somebody parked a skittle under the table. When my muse eats skittles it goes on rabbit trails. Forgive me.

Kyouya filled the garbage bag with many things. He found the Food of Demon Childs, several test tubes (I have no idea; don't ask), Yuki's glasses which he lost forever ago, several of Mr. Popper's Penguins, a large case of radioactive walnuts, a fedora, a pair of kusurigama, the old laptop that Ryuga threw out a window, and several buckets of glue.

We have an endless fridge, OK?

I banged my head against the keyboard as writer's block gnawed away at my brain.

Batteries...mini Cooper...dog brush...WHAT ON EARTH. What I want to know is why there was a piano in my fridge, chocolate-covered and stabbed clean through with about 6 enormous cleavers. Or beavers. I can't be entirely sure.

I shut the laptop. It was altogether too painful. Worse than the flu, to be sure.

Cow pyjamas...the Lost City of Atlantis (the movie, not the city itself)...several million fleas...

I rested my head on the laptop. Too much. Must sleep.

The Sheep was, of course, still Walking By, and it told me what Kyouya found.

Horsehair...my mum's supposedly deceased English teacher...twelve pairs of loafers...

The Sheep, hush. Authoress must sleep now.

The original box of Turkish Delight from Narnia...a chariot...what's this!? A perfectly ordinary, round, beautiful tomato.

Trash, to be sure.

The Sheep baaed indignantly, and Kyouya glared at it.

"Go Walk By somewhere else, The Sheep. I'm trying to concentrate."

No, it said, *You are ruining lives.*

The Sheep doesn't really like to make sense very much. I told it to let Kyouya be.

The Sheep always does Walk By, you know, but it does other things at the same time. It Walked By several times, punching Kyouya once each circuit.

Kyouya continued his job.

The Lost City of Atlantis (the city, not the movie)...armchair...Q-tips...

The Sheep is a good boxer, apparently. Kyouya got angry and threw the sheep into the bag. It continued to Walk By, that being its job of course, and rammed into the radioactive walnuts. Kyouya managed to close the box before the chemicals got too far, but they got to the tomato I suppose.

Then Kyouya had to go and throw that chainsaw in there. I think he did it aiming at The Sheep, but as of now The Sheep Still Is. The tomato grabbed hold of it.

The Sheep walked all the way to the kerb before I caught up with it. I freed it from the bag and it continued to Walk By.

Late that night Ryuga went out to the kerb where the trash was because I had just remembered about the tomato. All he found was an ominous slit in the bag and, of course, The Sheep. Shorn and shamed. It looked to be the work of a chainsaw.

Without its wool, the Sheep that Still Is and Always Was and Always Will Be Walking By becomes just the Sheep that Now Is Stationary, until its wool grows back. So it slept in the bottom cabinet.

We still hear rewing in the walls to this day, and occasionally wake up with a buzzed elbow or two; but I believe that tomato is biding its time. Fear for your lives.

***Chapter 4*: The case of the Spectre in the walls**

I've kinda started writing in first person now...it's a habit I got into with Woodwork and I just find it easy.

GalaxyPegasus 14, as a gift, I have inserted you into the chapter. Now figure out for me, is it a gift or a curse?

The spatula was broken again.

I stared at it and wondered who would do such a thing. A girl without a spatula is like a bird without a song - pardon the overused cliché.

I could tell pretty much by this that it wasn't going to be the best of days for me. When you wake up at 6 am and find one of your favourite things broken (again), you can pretty much tell that somebody has it in for you.

I suspected it was GalaxyPegasus 14. I think she has been stalking me. She probably stepped on the spatula. Every time I find it broken by my bedroom door I know that somebody has stepped on it because I use it to figure out when people are spying on me.

Plus I found her hair on my hairbrush, which was just weird. GP, how long have you been living here!?

Just then I felt really creeped out and left the kitchen in search of human company. This was my second mistake of the day. My first had been going to sleep with my contacts in.

I could hear footsteps in the walls again. I couldn't tell if it was GP or the tomato. Or maybe The Sheep. Sometimes it wears loafers and sounds just like Kyouya, in order to annoy him.

Kevin came in and found me staring at the wall. "Is there a lady-bug?"

"No, Kevin. I just hear something."

He cocked his blond head. "Don't hear nothin. Maybe you're imagining again."

I didn't think so, but I didn't want to freak him out so I just nodded sorta half-absent and sat down. I tried to read but I swear I felt breathing on the back of my neck.

"Leave this place, accursed spectre", I whispered. "There are forces here that you would be wise not to reckon with."

"I don't believe you", said a voice behind me, and I jumped. I hadn't expected that the spectre would answer back, and then I saw that it was only Julian.

"Why are you here? You don't even live here."

"I'm here for counselling. LeoKnightus-Hollow made me think I was a villain or something."

"And we've been through that before."

"Yes. Tragic."

"Jelly-bean gun again?" They leave unmistakeable kidney-shaped welts on the side of the face.

He nodded and sat down by me. The house had decided to put several lawn chairs where the couch should be, so there we were, and there was The Sheep, which had grown back its poor wool finally.

"Nice weather we're having", Julian commented.

"I guess."

Then that accursed spectre started howling from inside the walls again.

"GP, will you please stop? I'm not scared of you", I lied.

"Whom are you talking to?"

"I think one of my readers is stalking me", I told him.

"That can lead to trouble. I'm leaving." He stood.

"No, Julian, don't leave me - "

But he was gone. All that was left were me, The Sheep, and whoever was in the walls.

I looked at The Sheep and it looked at me and then it left me too. Chills ran up my spine.

"GP, I know you're in there", I said again. At that moment Nile walked by. "Have you seen Osias?"

"Not in the least. Did you look at the farmer's market?"

"I was just there. I hope he didn't join the tomato's evil army."

"Speaking of which, Nile, do you hear anything?"

Nile cocked his head. The spectre howled.

"No."

I was beginning to get seriously scared. Why could I hear GP, and nobody else could? I bet she got into Zayne's lab and did something.

"I hear howling."

"Maybe it's just your imagination."

I shook my head. "I don't think so. I think the house is acting up."

"Okay then. See you later."

"Where are you going?"

"Me and Osias are moving out until this house gets back into shape", he said, cutting his eyes at the walls. "Speaking of which, why the lawn chairs?"

"You tell me."

Then I was alone again. Even The Sheep had abandoned me. I had no trustworthy spatula of defence, thanks to GP. I had no friends. There was a tomato in the walls. What was up today?

Kenta came in through a side door. "Have you heard any howling today, Mal?"

Could he hear it too? "Yes, have you?"

"No. I was just wondering."

"I heard a spectre in the walls."

Kenta ran away. Abandoned once again. I stood. It was time to take action.

I grabbed Cat and retreated under the fireproof blanket. I would hide there until it was safe. It would never be safe, I knew this; but until the spectre/GP decided to leave me alone, there I was.

Kyouya came in my room. He comes in to steal my snow globes sometimes, and shakes them until they die. (Yes, they are alive.) "Get out of here", I hissed.

"Are you hiding from the spectre?"

"You hear it too?"

"Yes."

"Get under here and we'll wait until it leaves." He climbed under the blanket. "I didn't mean under the blanket, Kyouya, I meant under the bed!"

He had his cat with him too. In times of trouble, feline company is unnaturally comforting. Mousie looked as scared as I

was.

Hiiiiii, the spectre said.

"Maybe it's lonely."

"Spectres don't like friends. No way is it lonely."

I like spaghetti, said the spectre.

"Did you lock the door when you came in?"

"I handcuffed it shut. The house put the lock in the floor today."

"I wonder if it has a migraine again."

Leave this place, accursed spectre, there are forces here you would be wise not to reckon with...

"Hey, that's what I said earlier!" I yelled, shaking a fist in the air. "Stop mimicking me!"

Then The Sheep gave me a funny look, and we realised it had been the one talking all along. It shook its head and Walked By out the door, or rather, through it. (I don't know where it learned to do that.)

"Maybe it wants to have a conversation."

"You're delusional." Kyouya paid me no mind. Instead he crawled out from beneath the bed and started to yell. I must admit it was quite a Shakespearian act.

"Howl and wail, accursed spectre, but you will find no fearsome souls here!"

What ghosts and ghouls wander this tunnelled place, this obscure sanctuary? Wherefore do you hide and wail!?"

You are making me mad, said The Sheep.

"In defiance of your tiresome act, I shall raise my sword, yes, high in the air, and should I find you there, you'll regret it!" Mousie meowed worriedly.

"Kyouya", I hissed, "The Sheep is getting tired of you. Get back in here!"

Something bumped against the outside of the door. Kyouya shrieked and zipped back under the bed quick as a scared bee.

Another bump, and another, and then I heard GP's voice.

"What are you doing in there?"

"What are YOU doing out THERE?" I demanded, standing up on the bed. "And why in the land of gravy are you trying to scare me!?"

"I don't know what you're talking about", she said, "But I found something!"

"Were you in the walls again?"

"Yes."

I opened the door. There she was. "You used my hairbrush!"

"Hello to you too."

Kyouya and The Sheep gave each other an eye roll, as if to say, *Girl fights...*

"I found a guy living in the walls." She opened a giant door that had NOT been there before and a guy stepped out. He had no eyes, which was weird. He looked about 10 years old.

"I think he's been living here since your dad built it", she said. "He doesn't talk much. Mostly he howls."

I squinted at him. "Hello there, fellow. You scared half the muse out of me, but hi all the same."

The kid raised a hand.

"You got to not howl all the time, okay? Why don't you come out here and eat some food?"

"He's been living off dead cockroaches and snowglobes", GP whispered to me. So that's where Kyouya put the murdered snowglobes! Mystery solved.

The kid had nowhere to go, and as GP said, he didn't really talk, so he moved into the guest room and we named him Spectre. Then I made GP buy me a new hairbrush, and a new spatula, for that matter. Actually she got Zayne to invent for me a spatula plus hairbrush. I continually leave batter on it and then brush my hair...must I say more?

***Chapter 5*: If you give a muse caffeine bread**

Ok. I think we're back to 3rd person for the time being. At least for now.

Mal was leaving home for work. She hated doing this; you never know what you'll come back to if you leave this house. But there was no choice in the matter. And the dog kennel had banned muses after the time one of the dogs turned into a giraffe, and so she had to leave it at home.

She locked it in the bathroom and hoped it would stay there.

It did not.

Shortly after she was gone, the house decided that doors were irrelevant and deleted every single door on the property. Even the pantry door, which had been locked for a reason. (Zhou Xing was staying there and...well, he has a grocery problem.) And so the muse got out of the bathroom.

The Sheep saw him first. It reckoned that the house was upset after losing its child, Spectre, who no longer lived in its walls. Only The Sheep knew that Spectre had been born from sweet pine wood, shingles, and assorted grits. That was why he had miniature windows built into his eye sockets.

But the muse bounced out happily, in the shape of some griffin or dragon-baby, and The Sheep watched him go. Then it turned and went about its Walking By once more.

Tsubasa found the dragon-thing running around and guessed it was Mal's. He picked it up and brought it to the kitchen, setting it down on the counter.

The muse, who was much more than the sum of its parts, decided to have some fun with Tsubasa and see what he would do. It squawked quietly at him and then bit him when he tried to pet it. While he was trying to stop the fountain of blood coming from his fingertip, Muse pretended to eat the soap. Then it watched placidly as Tsubasa attempted to bandage his finger and tie Muse up with a rope at the same time. Needless to say, it didn't work.

Tsubasa called in reinforcements in the form of Minny, who happened to be under his care for the day.

"Minny, watch the dragon and make sure it doesn't run away."

Minny watched Muse. Muse watched Minny.

"Him not doin' anything", said Minny. Muse decided to freak Tsubasa out and turned Minny invisible. Tsubasa turned around and shrieked when he heard Minny's voice but couldn't see her.

"Minny? Are you hiding? Where are you?" He hunted around the kitchen and Muse watched him calmly. It winked at him. He didn't seem to notice.

"I'm not hiding. I'm right here", said Minny indignantly.

Minny poked him and he jumped, shrieking again. Muse turned its head as Zhou Xing walked out of the pantry with a half-consumed bag of bread stuffed down his shirt, trying to smuggle it away. It wasn't really working.

"What's all this shrieking going on in here?"

Muse stuck its tongue out at him. "Is that another dragon?"

"I don't know", said Tsubasa irritably. "I found it. I wonder if it's Mal's."

"Don't feed it anything."

Muse wasn't going for this. It grabbed onto the bread bag with its claws and pulled it out of Zhou Xing's shirt, starting to eat it.

"Stop that! That's caffeine bread, don't eat that!"

"Caffeine bread!?"

"I think Jonah got into Zayne's lab and accidentally invented it. It's really good, and you get one enormous caffeine high off

it..."

"So you were in the pantry trying to eat the whole thing?"

"Basically, yes. One slice will keep you up all night."

Muse ate the entire rest of the bag.

"Well, that's just great", said Minny. Zhou Xing shrieked when he heard her voice.

"NOW who's shrieking!?" Tsubasa said triumphantly.

"Why do you have an INVISIBLE CHILD!?"

"I don't even know."

Muse was tired of hearing them argue and crept off the counter and under the table, where it disguised itself as a pan of brownies. Unfortunately, it was too caffeinated to think straight, and ended up turning into an elephant instead.

Unfortunately, Mal came home at that exact time, and yelled at Zhou Xing for getting in the pantry. "I was saving that caffeine bread for later!"

"So Jonah actually invented that?"

"No. Kyouya did. Actually, he's insanely good at making bread. I - WHAT DID YOU DO TO MUSE!?"

"That's your muse?"

"I didn't do it", said Minny.

Mal shrieked. "Who said that!?...nevermind." She coaxed the elephant out from under the table, after which it staggered around for a bit before dissolving itself into her brain.

Mal shuddered. "How much bread did you feed it?"

"Half the bag."

"Do you realise that was double strength caffeine bread with coffee and caffeine gum and about sixty pounds of sugar?"

"I didn't know about the sugar."

"Ow. Too much caffeine", she commented, now wheeling about in lazy circles. "I am going to go sleep it off." So saying, she slapped the wall with her hand and it turned an ugly shade of green.

Instead of sleeping, she fell on the floor and stared at the ceiling.

"I think we made anormous mistake", Minny commented.

"Go touch her hand and maybe you'll turn green so we can see you", Zhou Xing told her. Minny (presumably) did as she was told, then reappeared. "I think I'm turning into a dog", she told them.

"Why is that?"

"I want dead food."

"I don't think you're turning into a dog, I think you're turning into Kyouya."

Their suspicions were confirmed when Kyouya came in with a princess crown and a baby doll.

"We need to stop her from touching stuff", said Tsubasa, as Mal stood up and wandered away. Minny started roaring. "And tie this child up, will you?" Tsubasa added.

Zhou Xing tied Minny up and put her inside the piano where she would at least have Spectre for company, and then there was the matter of how to catch Mal without turning themselves into rocks, refrigerators, dinosaurs, or other annoying assorted things.

Mal was in Zayne's lab. Who knew how much chaos a hyperactive Muse could cause there? Zayne looked up from the

table. "I can't get this to work", he said, pointing at a robot dog he had found on the street. Mal smacked it on the head and it turned into a rat and ran away. Zayne looked disappointed.

"I don't know why I just did that", Mal told him. "Zhou Xing fed my muse caffeine bread."

"Oh, that stuff that Ryuga invented?"

"I thought it was Kyouya."

"No, Ryuga came in here and put a loaf of bread in the incinerator and it turned out like that."

"In any case, I feel like my brain is made of soda and it's fizzing and fizzing and fizzing and melting and if I open it it'll go all flat and then nobody will want to drink it anymore", Mal told him.

"I feel like you need to sit down and not touch anything for at least six years", Zayne told her.

Mal tried to sit down on a computer. "That's not a chair!" Zayne yelled. "Actually, it used to be. But when you came in here it turned into a Mac."

"I think we should tie her up", said Zhou Xing.

"Just let her calm down. This will help", announced Zayne, sticking her with a sedative.

"Did you just inject grape juice into her bloodstream?"

Zayne smelled the syringe. "Yep. No idea how that happened. I don't even put grape juice in syringes anymore."

"Okay then."

Tsubasa was scrolling through his phone - rather clumsily, with only 9 fingers working. "It says here that bananas will counter the effects of caffeine."

Then Kenta came in with a random banana. "I found this in the pocket of Ryuga's jacket", he said. "I was looking for cinder blocks to build a fort but I didn't find any."

"Thank you", said Tsubasa, grabbing it from him.

"Hey, I was going to eat that! I just like to announce to people when I find bananas in unexpected places", Kenta explained.

"Mal needs it more than you do. I'm sure you'll find another one under your bed soon. Her muse had too much caffeine bread", Tsubasa told him.

"I remember when I invented that. I was trying to melt a rock in the oven and it turned into bread", Kenta told him.

"I thought...nevermind." Tsubasa held out the banana to Mal, who tried to take a bite and missed. Tsubasa looked down and realised he was holding a stick.

"Okay, that's it. I'm moving to America", he said, "Because obviously halfway around the world is the only place safe."

"Nuh-uh! You're not leaving until we figure this out", Zayne said, grabbing him by the hair and pulling him back into the lab.

"HEY! Stop that! Those are brand new bobby pins, mister, and if you lose one YOU ARE PAYING FOR IT!"

At last they put Mal in her room, where she could only do damage to her own stuff, and told Ryuga to throw away all the caffeine bread in the house.

"Hey, I remember when Kevin invented that", he started. But they shushed him before he could finish.

Finally the house got over itself and replaced the doors, though upside down, and Kyouya and Minny eventually learned to not be each other. This was a blessing, because frankly, things were just a little to weird otherwise. And to this day we have no idea where Caffeine Bread actually came from.

***Chapter 6*: Announcements, announcements!**

Hi!

So, it's the weekend, which means only 2 more days before Circuit 2 officially starts up! I'm so excited, aren't you?

Anyway, every weekend I'm putting up a new poll on my profile. Please go and check it out!

Love Mal

***Chapter 7*: What happened in our garage**

For those of you who aren't turtle geeks,

Raphael=violent moody emo person.

Leonardo=mildly sane.

Michelangelo=so totally not sane.

Donatello=geek dork nerd genius man.

Yaaaay! We're finally starting! Enjoy, and have a good week, everyone.

Things have been really very strange lately.

Last weekend I got a lot of things done, actually. we gave Spectre his first bath, I repainted the roof, slapped things, and managed to stop Kevin from setting himself on fire. I don't know where Kyouya was during all of this. I think he was exploring in the walls to see if Spectre had left any half-dead snow globes behind.

And, of course, I found out that mixing fandoms over the weekend is highly unadvised. It was totally not my idea. Cat did it. He opened the portal to another dimension and brought three very hyper ninja turtles through.

We left the fourth one there. Unfortunately, the one we left was the sensible one.

They managed to pretty much destroy a bunch of stuff while they were here. No, be quiet; I am not going to tell you that story. I am going to tell you the story of what ended up in our garage and why it was bad.

You see, Michelangelo has a thing for money, so when a random person shows up at the door, he is willing to tell them that we are renting out the garage. He doesn't bother to ask who they are or how they know us, however.

And so that is how we ended up with Doji sleeping on my dad's field tractor at night.

It was poor Ryuga who discovered him first, sneaking into the garage to read hater-fics again. He poked his head in, I heard a 'hello', and then Ryuga screamed and ran up to the attic. I just hoped he didn't break anything in there.

I opened the garage slowly. The Thing said 'hello' again. It was really too dark in there to see anything. I turned on the light and saw the guy flinch. His suit was rumpled and his hair was rumpled and I reckoned that probably his skin was rumpled too but I couldn't see enough to figure it out.

I shook my head. This strange guy. "You showed up in the middle of the night, Doji, and asked to rent out a garage", I told him. "You have really fallen."

"It would seem so."

"You got on the ancient desktop computer while we were all sleeping and ordered a yacht on eBay. My dad was not pleased about that."

"I did?" he sounded confused. "When?"

"I don't even know but I know it was you."

"My apologies."

I told him that he needed a change of clothes and some food and an actual bedroom. We had moved Spectre into the guest room, but he never stayed there, so I reckoned he wouldn't mind if Doji took over.

Haha. Took over. World domination, everybody.

Okay, fine, I'll stop now.

Tsubasa saw me leading him through the living room and pulled out a gun.

"NOOO! TSUBASA, STOP! Be nice to the villain!"

"HE IS EVIL!"

I grabbed his arm. "Put the stapler down. Ryuga's evil too, remember?"

"It is so not the same thing. You're also evil. So is Osias."

"I am NOT evil. Please put the stapler down now please?"

"He's not supposed to know it's a stapler", Tsubasa told me. "It's a GUN."

"Why is everything now a gun with you lately? The chair is a gun. The lego is a gun. Your face is a gun. Have you been hanging out with Raphael?"

"I don't know what you're talking about but I'm going to shoot him", he told me. "This stapler is loaded to the gills."

I took it from him and opened it. Loaded, as in, with bullets. "Staplers can't shoot bullets, Tsubasa."

"Why? H-how do YOU know?"

"You're acting like a little kid. Please will you stop trying to shoot stuff?"

I put the stapler away. Too many unfortunate things have been happening with the stapler lately. Giving Doji an apologetic look, I continued to lead him to the guest room.

There we found Masamune. "Masamune, why are you in the guest room?"

"I was reading a book."

"But you never read!"

"It's perfectly normal", he said, sounding hurt. "Why would you suspect me?"

"I don't know what's going on here but it is definitely fishy", I muttered.

"Why is Doji here?"

"He lives here now. Go play with your beyblade or something."

"I do not PLAY. I am SOPHISTICATED", he informed us loudly. I swatted him in the head with the book and he finally left.

"Doji, if you leave this room, you are dog food", I told him sternly. "I have a great many of stuff to sort out. If I see your face in the next month I am not kidding, you will have no face no more."

"You are using terrible grammar, madam", he told me. "I would have expected more from an authoress."

"Yeah, well, I don't have time to be perfect all the time. DO NOT touch the fishbowl."

He nodded meekly.

I went into the lab to see if Zayne knew what was going on. "Z, something's weird", I told him. "Tsubasa is making everything into a gun and Masamune was reading *Emma*."

"It's not my problem", he told me. He was sitting on the lab table filing his fingernails.

"Don't tell me you're acting weird too."

"Don't call me weird or I will defeat you", he answered.

Z is never rude. I knew right then that we'd had a major personality switch over the weekend, and I was certain it had something to do with Donatello.

Upon further investigation, I realised that Kyouya had also become insane. He was doing my maths homework for me. First thing wrong: Kyouya is terrible at maths. Yet he was getting the answers all right. Second thing wrong: Kyouya never does stuff for anybody. Ever.

My suspicions were confirmed when I found Mikey running around and barking like a maniac, while Dumptruck tried to pick up legos with her paws. This was not working for her.

Somebody had pulled the DO NOT TOUCH lever in Z's lab. The one that Jonah put there once. The one that shouldn't have ever been invented in the first place. The personality-switching lever which I loath to the highest star and hate to the lowest dirt. I told him not to put it there. He did it anyway.

I smacked my forehead several times (Sorry, Da Xian) and went upstairs to check on Ryuga.

"Has your personality been switched? Because you ran screaming from the garage."

"How would I know?" he demanded irritably. "I am just deathly terrified of rumpled guys on top of tractors in garages which you come upon unexpectedly."

"That makes a lot of sense to me now. Is that why you run up here screaming about twice a day?"

"No, I just freak myself out a lot. Mostly it's Spectre's fault."

"Things are definitely bad down there. Spectre is Walking By and The Sheep won't stop howling."

"That's why I have this."

"That's mine, get your own", I said, snatching my fireproof blanket from off his head. He pouted at me and crawled behind the cabinet. (I don't know how he fit; that's his problem, not mine.)

"Is there any way to reverse the lever?" He was sticking his head out through the little door in the back of the wardrobe (I didn't even know that was there) and his face seemed to be floating between my kimono and my magenta motorcycle jacket.

These are more things that I don't have time to explain, so just be quiet and stop interrupting.

"No. For some reason Z never put a failsafe on it. After Jonah invented it he wouldn't let Z touch it."

"I didn't know Jonah invented stuff all that often."

"Yeah, he invented Caffeine Bread."

"I thought Madoka invented that!" Actually, none of us really knew who did it.

"Well I don't have time to argue with you right now. I think you, me, and Doji are the only people here who haven't been switched. And my dad. But he never gets affected by magical stuff, it's so unfair."

"DOJI is here!?"

"Yes, strange child, he was the weirdo sleeping on the tractor."

"Don't treat me like a child", he said sternly. Then he shut the wardrobe doors. "You're on your own, Mallory Aren Hopeman", he added, muffled through the wood.

"Fine, but if you come out of there wearing my favourite sweater again, I will chair-slap you."

"Deal."

Then Doji came up the stairs.

"I told you not to leave the room. Say goodbye to your face", I said.

"But the walls disappeared! I felt so *exposed*," he told me.

I smacked the house hard. "Behave, will you!? You touched the fishbowl, didn't you", I said, turning back to Doji.

"The fishbowl touched ME. It was in no way my fault", he defended.

"Oh, I could see where that could happen. It's a very touchy fishbowl. I don't know why. In any case, go downstairs, because you're freaking Ryuga out."

"Ryuga's here!? Where? Can I say hi?"

"Ryuga, Doji wants to say hi to you."

"Tell him I'm not here", came the voice from my wardrobe.

"He can hear you too. I have enough to worry about. Get out of there."

So he came out. And he was wearing my sweater. The orange-and-purple one.

"I TOLD YOU not to wear my clothes!"

"I'm not wearing your FAVOURITE sweater, I'm wearing your SECOND FAVOURITE sweater", he shot back. This, my friends, explains why all my clothes are really stretched out.

He said 'hi' to Doji and zipped back into the closet.

"Doji, did you touch the DO NOT TOUCH lever?"

"The one in the lab with the red handle that has black stripes and radioactive stickers on it?"

"Yes."

"No, no of course not, why would you suspect me?"

"You touched it, didn't you?"

"It touched ME."

"LIES!" yelled Ryuga from my closet.

"Okay, okay, I got really really bored! Do you realise that after you have counted every single crease in the seat of a tractor, watching grass grow seems fun all of a sudden!?"

"IT SAID **DO NOT TOUCH IN REALLY BIG LETTERS.**" (This is actually what it said.) "Why did you touch it?"

"I'm evil. I'm supposed to break rules!"

"I guess the best thing is just to hide until it wears off."

"Or you could just push the lever up the other way", suggested Doji.

Why did I not think of that? WHY!?

And so I went downstairs, followed by Doji, who was wearing Dad's clothes, and Ryuga, who was wearing my clothes, and flipped the lever the other way up.

"Hi", said Z, shaking Doji's hand until it nearly fell off. Now that's the insanely polite guy that I know.

Doji had fixed things and earned his place in our twisted, weird little world. Let's just say that I will not be mixing fandoms on weekends ever again.

***Chapter 8*: The Dictionary**

Dedicated to my cousin Jacob.

Listening to Skillet while I write XD

Who in the land of gravy voted for the tomato in this week's poll? Come on, I wanna know!

Little boys often get bored. Then they go to drastic measures and do weird things, like reading dictionaries.

I watched them sprawled around the living room on one of our rainier afternoons, looking like throw rugs slumped over each other. I counted them.

-Yuu (always trouble when bored)

-Jacob (A random cousin)

-Jonah (very entertaining to watch when bored)

-Kenta (yaaaaay parentheses)

Four boys, bored out of their minds.

Yuu was reading a dictionary. This was never a good sign, I have learned. Jacob was reading over his shoulder. This could definitely NOT be a good sign.

"What are you doing?" I asked, all too aware that these words could in fact be my last.

"We are reading a dictionary", answered Yuu matter-of-factly.

"I can see that. Are you bored?"

"Out of our minds", Kenta told me.

"Make up a new game", I suggested. "Me and Matt used to do that all the time when we were little." Ah, the days of the Three-Legged-Beaver game...so tragic.

"How are we supposed to do that?"

"Chase each other. Yell random words. Do little-boy things, just don't break stuff."

They stared back at me, bewildered. "Little-boy things?"

"Come on! Do puppy eyes. Have a seed-spitting contest. Be chibi."

"We don't understand Chinese", Jacob informed me.

"It's not...nevermind. But I'm not kidding. Invent a game. Come on! Jonah, you invented a lever that turned you into Darth Vader one time. Can't you make up one silly game?"

"I also was there when Madoka invented Caffeine Bread", Jonah said proudly.

"Madoka did that? I thought it was me", Kenta said.

"It doesn't matter."

"Let's make a dictionary!" yelled Yuu.

Okay. So, it wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but...whatever works, right?

Yuu grabbed a notebook. "Here, Kenta, you're the best at writing; you be the guy who writes everything down."

Kenta agreed and I sat back to see what they would come up with.

"Are we renaming stuff or making up our own words?"

"BOTH!" yelled Jonah maniacally. "AAHAHAHAHAHAHA..."

"VACK", yelled Zayne from across the house.

"What in the land of gravy - "

"That's my catchphrase. You can't use that", I told Jacob, who gave me a withering look and continued.

"What on earth is vack?"

"It's our first word!" Yuu yelled triumphantly.

"What does it mean?"

"Uhhhh...well the way he said it, it sounds like a word of triumph. YES! OH YESS! VACK, AHAHAHAH!"

"Perfect! Vack means triumph", said Kenta firmly. He wrote it down.

"Let's spell it VHAGGGCK."

"How about just v-a-c-k?"

"Perfect. Keeping it simple", said Yuu, evidently now the boss. "THANK YOU ZAYNE!" he bellowed in the direction of the lab. Z emerged, looking confused.

"What for?"

"You gave us the first word for our new dictionary", answered Yuu. "Vack. It means TRIUMPH. As in 'YESSSS! SO MUCH VACK!'"

"Actually I was coughing - "

"AHAHAHAHA VACK. YES. AHAHAHAHAHAH LET US TAKE OVER THE WORLD! AHAHAHAHAH VACK!"

"Okay then", he said, officially crept out, and then he left, looking rabbit-eyed. I was certain he'd be careful not to cough so loudly from now on.

"Next order of business, gentlemen", Yuu announced. "We must rename the orange. It is so obvious that they named it the orange because it was ORANGE. This is SO wrong."

"I vote that we name the orange 'porous acidic urchin of death'", announced Jacob.

"How about just SKEETCHLOPP?" Jonah said.

"Skeetchlopp. I love it", Yuu told him. "Write it down, Kenta! Please. From now on we must all call the orange a SKEETCHLOPP."

Jacob pouted. "Why can't we call it what I wanted to call it? We can call it the pauod for short. Or the poracurodeath", he added.

"Sorry, Jake, that's not as cool as Skeetchlopp", answered Yuu.

"How about PIZZA? It's so hard to spell", Kenta put forth.

"We can call it 'meat-covered disc of life'", said Jake. "Mcdol. Or Mecodiolife."

"That sounds like a medicine", Yuu said dismissively.

"I vote for calling it a Dluk", Kenta said.

"Dluk! Perfect! AHAHAHAH VACK! OUR DICTIONARY IS WORKING!"

"We can't call it a dictionary because dictionary is a really long word", said Jonah.

"We can call it Catalogue of Epical Words", Jacob said hopefully, "or Coew. Or maybe Catoepwo."

"I don't like it", Yuu answered. "That's even harder to spell than dictionary. Let's call it a Fogelslop."

"That's hard to spell too", protested Jake. "I don't get to name anything! That stinks!"

"Let's rename OURSELVES", yelled Jonah. "I want to be...THORINATOR!"

"I get to be DEATHMAN", Yuu announced.

"I guess I'll be Flameo", Kenta said.

"I want to be...the totally wonderful guy of happiness", Jake said. "Twgoh. Or Towoguoha."

"Naah. You can be...Stick", decided Yuu.

"STICK!? You want me to be...STICK!?"

"Yes", Yuu answered. "Guys, we're achieving total vack over our Fogelslop! I say we celebrate with Dluk and make sure we don't get Skeetchlopp juice in our eyes."

The other three stared at him for a second.

"Deathman, Flameo, and, uh...Jake, I agree with Thorinator. We all need some pizza, I mean, Dluk."

Jacob was instantly cheered up. They all ran around the house yelling 'VACK' for the rest of the day and scaring Zayne so bad that he locked himself in a safe and wouldn't come out.

Chapter 9: The not-so-epic mission

Hi everybody! Hope you're having a good week so far.

Forgive me if my grammar is terrible today! I've been on the pinoy blogs and...well, it's pinoy, so, no good English! It doesn't really help you do anything except laugh and go 'say what' have the time.

Good grief, see, that's what I'm talking about. *Have the time*, crabawhat!? HALF THE TIME. Good grief.

Just a quick reminder to check out my poll. It's only up for another 2 days! And I've only gotten two votes! Come on, guys, it's easy! =)

"CAT YOU IDIOT YOU PRESSED THE BUTTON! WHAT - "

"SHHHH." Tsubasa grabbed my face and told me to be quiet.

I had no idea where we were. It was dark. There was gravel under my bare feet. I was confused; when we were in the lab it was the middle of the day, and now apparently it was the middle of the night. We were on our way to the turtleverse when all of a sudden Cat jumped on the machine and now I had no idea what on earth was going on.

I pushed Tsubasa's hands off me. "It's not my fault. The cat - "

"You're going to wake someone up and we'll get shot."

"Why will we get shot?"

"We're in Texas, of course. In Texas you get shot for looking at someone the wrong way."

"Lies!"

"That's actually the truth."

I pouted. "Ok, fine. Well, how do we get back?"

"The portal must've relocated itself. We're going to have to go around the back of the house and see if it's there. If not, then we've got a lot of searching to do."

I stifled a groan of horror. That cat. I couldn't believe it. I bet Kyouya trained him to do that...

~Pov of a surprise person~

I lie awake at night and count the glow-in-the-dark stars on my ceiling, figuring out the constellations in my head as I go.

Leo. Aquarius. Cancer. Of course in my head, they're labeled Leone, Aquario, and Gasher. My science teacher always facepalms herself when I say them wrong.

My friends say I watch Beyblade way too often. I tell them at least I don't dye my hair turquoise and spike it up all the time.

Okay, so I wear all my jackets as capes, I tie my hair at the very bottom, and I carry my plastic launcher around everywhere, but hey, it could be worse, right?

Only nobody wants to battle me anymore. All the kids did an initiation to adulthood (thanks to that annoying teenager who lives down the street) and buried their little-kid toys. For some reason that included beyblades. I couldn't believe it, so I went and dug them all up because who buries their beyblade!? That's like saying blader spirit doesn't exist!

Well, I know it's all pretend, but I never admit that to anybody. I always stay up late at night and play scenarios through in my head. Mom says I should sleep more but I don't get tired. I even sneaked out one night and sat in the woods and pretended I was Ryuga. When I can't sleep I read fanfiction.

All of a sudden I hear footsteps. I rush over to the window and stick my head out. Gravel crunches in the dark and I can see two figures groping in the dark. What on earth are they doing out here without any flashlights!? In the dark?

Anyway, I don't care! It's an adventure! I grab my little Sagittario and stick it in my pyjama pocket. It's finally time for me to battle somebody!

~Mal's POV~

"Slow down. I think I got a mesquite thorn impaled in my foot."

"You should've worn shoes", he admonished me.

"Well I didn't", I snapped back.

Tsubasa cast around the yard with his eyes and found a little tikes play truck. "Get in here", he hissed.

"No way! I will NOT!"

"Do you want to go back to Australia or not!?"

So I got in the car and he pushed it into the woods. I was pouting again. (I'm good at that, but nobody seems to appreciate it.)

"I hate the woods", I told him.

"The woods don't like you either. Duck or you're gonna get your head pulled off by that branch. NO MAL, DUCK!"

"WELL YOU COULD HAVE SAID THAT EARLIER!"

"I JUST DID. When I say DUCK I don't mean STICK YOUR NECK UP AS FAR AS IT WILL GO!"

I glared at him and brushed leaf off my face. "Just do your job, horsey."

He scowled and continued to push the car.

~Aspiring Blader's POV~

Man. Leaves are really really crunchy. Even mesquite ones. But I feel so brave! I'm even wearing boots like a blader too!

Then I hear yelling up ahead. One guy sounds really familiar and the other guy is a girl. She doesn't like the woods, she says. Well if I hadn't got a flashlight I wouldn't like the woods either.

Actually I don't actually have a flashlight. I hate the woods.

~Mal's POV~

I heard somebody smack into a tree. "Halt", I hissed at Tsubasa. "Stop! Close sesame! Arrete!"

"Okay, okay! What!?"

"I heard somebody smack into a tree."

"Was it you?"

"No. I heard somebody walking through here. What if they have a gun?"

"Probably it's just a stapler."

"Not everybody has your brain, Tsubasa. Stop walking and maybe they won't hear us." They probably already had heard us already.

Tsubasa shook his head. "Put your slippers on. We need to walk the other way and circle around them. I think I hear the portal."

Put my slippers on!? "But, uh...I lost them."

"No you didn't, you're holding them! You're just embarrassed to wear them! Aren't you!?"

"N-no! I mean, they're too small!"

"No they're not, you were wearing them this morning."

"Yeah. But Benkei stretched them out trying to wear them as hats."

"No he didn't. You just said they were too small. Now put them on and let's get out of here."

And so I put them on. They were those dumb kind where the ears flip up when you walk in them. Plus the face lights up and scares the living daylights out of you.

But hey, we had to walk, right?

We left the kiddy car in the woods and continued on.

~Other POV~

"I hear y'all out there! Come outta there and battle me like a man!"

I wisht my voice wouldn't tremble around so much.

"I gotta beyblade and I ain't afraid to use it on ya! So come on out and nobody'll get hurt!"

I hear the footsteps stop. Also the little light-up dog faces (those ones are scary) stop walking around in the dark.

"Did she say beyblade?" I hear the guy hiss.

"Probably. Kids buy 'em all the time. Just keep walking, just keep walking. COME ON, TSUBASA, this is not a SLOW RACE!"

Tsubasa? Did she just say TSUBASA!?

NO WAY.

"Wait! Waidup! Wait for me!" I hightail it through the woods in their direction. No way did she just say Tsubasa.

~Mal's POV~

I saw the light of the portal through the window of the ranch house. We had a problem.

"Tsubasa, I think the portal is inside the house", I told him.

"Okay. Take this." He put a grappling gun in my hand. "Go up on the roof and then throw it down to me."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Okay, you just float up there on your little authoress cloud and I'll see you later", he answered calmly. Then he grapple-gunned up.

"HEY! TSUBASA OTORI, YOU COME BACK HERE!"

"Don't tell me what to do", he called down from the roof.

"At least throw me the grappling gun", I hissed.

"So rude."

"Ugh, PLEASE!?"

He threw it down. I grappled up. Down below in the darkness I could see that wacky kid going inside the house. "Little Blader is going inside", I said. "We should probably hurry."

~Little Blader~

I can see something glowing in the hallway. That ain't natural. I bet it's whatever portal they were talking about. I betcha they're coming in through the bathroom window. That's the only one that ain't locked.

Sure enough I can hear them coming in.

"Time for action, Sagittario", I tell my bey. Maybe it won't attack proper, but I do know that it'll maybe peel some skin off their feet. I did that to my mom once and she freaked out.

"3, 2, 1. let it rip", I whisper. I woulda yelled it except the last time I did that dad said he was gonna whup me.

I launch Sagittario into the bathroom and I hear somebody yelp. Got the feet, alright.

Then I hear somebody say "Metal Wing Smash" and my poor little bey comes flyin' out the door. What on earth!? I even saw the purple flash and all too. Some kinda wacky cosplayer in there or something!?

Then Tsubasa the ACTUAL REAL AND I AM NOT EVEN KIDDING YOU, he really CAME OUT THE BATHROOM DOOR

~Mal~

"Look what you did", I told him. "You made the kid faint."

"Cute little Sagittario she's got though."

"Sure."

We crossed the hall towards the portal. On the way, I left the slippers by the kid. She'll look better in them than I do. We went through the portal and back to the other side.

~Cindy's POV~

"Cindy", says mom. "You went to sleep on the floor again."

I wake up and I see my mom and dad. "Actually I think I fainted", I tell them.

"Nonsense. Why would you do that?"

"I saw Tsubasa come out the bathroom."

They look at each other all puzzled like.

"The guy from Beyblade. Y'know? The show?"

"Ohhhh, that guy."

"Yeah, an' he - "

"I think you've watched too much TV", dad says. He leaves. I don't get to watch TV for the whole rest of the week. And dad said if I sleep in the floor again he's gonna whup me.

But Tsubasa left behind those lil' scary dog slippers. I'm gonna keep 'em in case he ever comes back. Wait'll I tell the kids at school he came to visit me in the night. They'll be wanting their beys back, for sure.

***Chapter 10*: Mother's Day Special (hide me)**

Uh oh, man, this week was mother's day and I didn't get my mum anything...so I wrote her this special chapter!

Dedicated to you, mum.

Guest character: (!) Janet Hopeman! (My mum.)

Mum was back. Good or bad? We were about to find out.

Dad was hugging her as of yet, but I wondered what she'd say when she found out a villain was occupying her guest room, the child of the house itself was sleeping in the piano, and The Sheep had left mud all over the house.

She walked out of the foyer and saw the lawn chairs (The house still hasn't given the couch back) and she asked me where we bought them.

Mum doesn't understand magic. Dad totally believes in it, but when mysterious things happen, mum chalks it up to coincidence. I told her the truth: the house put them there. Mum said to put the couch back right now or I would have to sit in the guest room and think about it Young Lady. So I went upstairs and slapped the wall until the house slapped me back and put the couch where it needed to be.

Then mum heard the tomato in the walls.

"Mal, didn't I tell Dad to put rat poison in the walls? Didn't he do that?"

"Yes, mum, that's just, um...Arrow." Sorry, Arrow. But you totally were being too loud.

"Tell your friend to go roller skate somewhere else!"

"Okay. ARROW, BE QUIET IN THERE", I yelled.

The tomato buzzed its chainsaw at me. "I SAID STOP."

"Remind me to make a radioactive salad one of these days", I muttered to myself.

"What was that, Mal?"

"Nothing, mum. I'm glad you're back." I hugged her.

"I'm glad I'm back too. Is that a child in my piano!? Don't you know I inherited that from my grandmother and it is very expensive! I let you board out the house to a dragon freak and other assorted creatures but I will NOT - "

"Let me explain, mum. That's just Spectre. He lives here now. Dad...uh, adopted him."

"Your father did no such thing!"

"He did, really. He has the birth certificate and everything." It was a Cabbage Patch Doll birth certificate, but it's totally legit.

"Why is he asleep in the PIANO?"

"We tried to get him to live in the guest room but he didn't like it so Doji moved in there and...um, I mean, he likes it there."

"Who is in the guest room now?"

"Doji. He's, uh, Ryuga's friend from...work."

"That boy has never worked a day in his life. Good grief, he doesn't even wear his own clothes half the time, he steals yours."

"That's his problem. Actually he did have a job once, but - "

"Is that ANOTHER dog!?"

Dumptruck had chosen this moment to run past.

"Uh, yeah, that's Tsubasa's. She got painted", I told my mum.

"This is all too much. I'm going to bed."

"But mum, it's the Mother's Day chapter! You can't leave!"

Mum, of course, would not listen. She went to bed.

It was then that I found out: Tsubasa's mother also had come to visit. She pinched my face really hard, actually it was more like she kneaded it, like I was bread or something, and told me what a Nice Young Lady I was, and Where Could She Find Her Son? I told her he was in the laboratory.

How was I going to tell my mum this? My mum hates it when people visit on mother's day.

Then Kyouya tapped me on the shoulder.

"What?"

"I decided to help you out. I made your mum breakfast in bed."

"But it's 8 pm."

"It's morning somewhere", he answered.

"Why are you being so nice to me?"

"So you don't tell my mother she can come visit. I read your diary."

"Oh, for that, I'm bringing your dad in." But I took the breakfast. It's the thought that counts, right?

No.

Spaghetti on toast, tomato juice, and scrambled...tomatoes!? "What is it with the tomatoes?"

"I thought maybe if I gave your mum tomato-themed stuff she wouldn't be mad at me for creating The Chainsaw Tomato."

"By what logic?"

"I don't know, maybe she'll start loving tomatoes and take it with her as a pet."

"I'd hate to have your brain", I told him. "No wonder you always lose to Gingka."

I brought the breakfast to my mother anyway. I could always blame Kyouya.

Then Tsubasa's mother dragged him out of the closet where he'd been hiding from her and brought him in the kitchen. "SAY HI, SON", she told him.

"Hi", he said, which meant 'help me'.

"Hi", I said back, which meant 'you're on your own, pal.'

"This is Ma! She's an AUTHOR! Isn't that nice?" Tsubasa's mum gushed. "What kind of stories do you write, Ma?"

"Uh, I write about...what's happening here at the house."

"Oh, wow. I can't imagine you have much to write about. I mean, you only have about 24 people living here. Do you know how many sisters Tsubasa has? And they all stayed at home..."

"Yep, pretty quiet around here", I agreed.

Then my mum came out and demanded What This Woman Was Doing In Her House.

I told her She Is Visiting Tsubasa Mum Be Nice.

"I'm Mildred", said Mrs. Otori, pinching my mother's face. "So nice to meet you."

"Janet", my mum said back, with no enthusiasm.

"Such a cute little house ya have here! I can't believe it, only two stories, my, my...speaking of stories, Janet, have you met my friend, Mal? She's an AUTHOR!"

"Yes, I have, she's my daughter. Will you please leave, ma'am? I would like to spend mother's day ALONE."

"Sorry, but you'll have to bear with me", laughed Mildred. "I will stay here with my son. He invited me to visit. TSUBASA, SON, have you met MAL YET!? SHE'S AN AUTHOR!"

"Yes, mom, thank you! Now I must go and, uh...mop the roof!" He ran off.

"Such a polite young man", Mildred said fondly.

Zayne came out of the lab at that moment carrying black roses. I don't know where he got them.

"Mrs. Hopeman, these are for you. Happy mother's - "

"OH THANK YOU SO SO MUCH!" Mildred gushed, grabbing them. "Such a pleasure to meet you." More face kneading. That woman has a problem.

"Acutally, ma'am, those were for - "

"HAVE YOU MET MY FRIEND MAL!? SHE'S AN AUTHOR!"

Zayne left looking scared-the-living-daylight-out-of.

Finally Tsubasa got his mother out of the house and locked the door. She looked around, found dad's truck, hotwired it, and drove away with the roses. Dad was mad, but he said At Least That Woman Was Out Of His House.

Then he turned to me and said that I Had Better Not Dare Bring Her Back Here Or I Would Be In Big Trouble Young Lady. Then he took mum out to dinner. I let him borrow the unicorn-drawn gurney and went to buy him a new truck.

***Chapter 11*: The Kidnapper**

Whelp, it's Friday! Time to set up a new poll. Look for that one today or tomorrow.

In which...well, you'll just have to find out, now, won't you? :D

All bad things happen in the night.

Not really; Mal was born in the daytime. But that aside, MANY bad things happen in the night. Like Masamune getting kidnapped.

The kidnapper was pointing an actual knife at him.

"HI", he yelled loudly. Startled, the kidnapper dropped the knife and hissed at him to Shut His Yap.

Masamune did not know what a Yap was. So he did not Shut It.

"I'm Masamune. Are you lost? Can I help you?"

The kidnapper, whose name was Steve, said "I told you to be quiet."

"No, you said Shut Your Yap while pressing the shift key excessively. You could get arrested for that around here, ya know", he said cheerfully. "What are you doing in my bedroom anyway?"

"Uh, I wanted to play a game", lied Steve. "It's called, um, Try Not To Escape. I get to tie you up and whoever tries to escape first loses."

"That sounds fun! What's in the sack?"

"Bagels."

"It's Kevin", Kevin said from the sack.

"Yes", Steve said, "But remember your new name is Bagels?"

"Kevin Bagels", Kevin amended.

"Do I get a new name?" Masamune demanded.

"Yes. You get to be Swiss Cheese."

"Epic! Do I get to go in the sack too?"

"No. You get to walk beside me. Just remember, try not to escape or you lose to Bagels over here."

"You're going down, Kevin Bagels", Masamune said.

"Not on your life, Swiss Cheese Masamune." Masamune and the sack growled at each other all the way down the stairs.

"Stop growling", Steve told them, rather annoyed, "Or I will make you both escape and then I'll win." So Masamune Shut His Yap.

"What is your occupation?" Kevin asked him.

"I am a, um, a piano teacher", Steve answered.

"So what brings you here?"

"I flew here."

"Woowoo", said Masamune. "You're my hero! What's your name?"

"It is Steve, er, Steve Corned Beef", said Steve.

"Corned beef, bagels, and Swiss Cheese", said Kevin. "We're a sandwich!"

"A sandwich that's not allowed to escape", Steve reminded them.

"Where are we going, Corned Beef?"

"We're going outside. You have to make it to my car without escaping."

"I bet Kevin won't be able to do it", said Masamune. At that moment, a door on the side of the hallway opened and Ryuga stepped out.

"Steve Corned Beef, what on earth are you doing here?"

"We're playing a game", Kevin said.

"Oh. I didn't know you like kids, Steve."

"Yeah, I love kids. We're playing Try Not To Escape."

"I love that game! How dare you play without me!?"

"Well if you want to play you have to get a new name."

"I know. I'm always Ketchup and I hate being Ketchup. I would rather be Ambrosia."

"You have to be Ketchup or you can't play", Steve told him sternly.

Ryuga pouted and then let himself be tied up. "I am the best at this game", he said to Masamune. "I'm totally going to beat you."

Masamune stuck his tongue out at Ryuga.

Actually everybody made it to Steve's van without accidentally escaping, so Steve said he was going to drive around for a little bit and whoever escaped first had to walk home. Then Kenta popped up from the backseat.

"Kenta, what are you doing here!?"

"Hi, Steve! I just like to sleep in random backseats of whatever vehicle I chance to find. Actually I fell in through the sunroof and I forgot how to unlock the door. Are you kidnapping Masamune and Ryuga and whatever's in that sack?"

"Kidnapping? Uh...of course not, pfft, that's ridiculous. And I've told you about a million times how to unlock the door."

"Well you leave the sunroof open all the time. Hey, are you playing Try Not To Escape?"

"Yes. Want to play?"

"I want to be Bagels this time."

"Sorry, but that's already taken."

"Okay, fiiineee...I'll be Caffeine Bread."

"I remember when I invented that", said Steve fondly.

"I thought that was Minny."

"In any case, come up here." Steve duck-taped him to the front seat.

"I love being the one to get duck-taped!"

"I know you do. That's why I keep duck tape in here all the time."

"You're a good friend, Steve", said Kevin.

"I know I am."

They had been driving down the road for about 2 hours when The Sheep walked by.

"Do you want to play, The Sheep?" offered Kenta. The Sheep baaed yes. Steve banged his head on the steering wheel.

He hadn't planned on kidnapping so many people tonight.

But he hog-tied The Sheep, which Walked By back and forth in the trunk, and was named Mutton out of pure irony.

At last they got to the edge of the big city and nearly ran over Mal, who was once again picking up Kyouya from where he'd got into a fight.

Kyouya pointed an accusing finger at Steve. "You bad, bad piano teacher! Kidnapping little kids!"

"I'm not kidnapping them, we're playing a game!"

"Steve just likes to pick up random people at night and play Try Not To Escape", Mal explained.

"Without ME!? YOU LEFT OUT THE GAME-LOVING BROTWURST!?"

"Yep."

"Who's winning?"

"I think I am", said Steve. "Everybody else already escaped except for Kevin."

So Mal and Kyouya (aka Philly Cheese Steak and Brotwurst) climbed in the car and started a new round. Everybody lost.

***Chapter 12*: The Great Coffee Caper**

Ohhhhkay. Time to do this thing.

I'm sorry people, this is a terrible chapter; I wrote it yesterday and I was just...I had a long weekend, k?

Ryuga is glaring at the coffee pot. (Again.) Mal squints at him across the kitchen.

"Are you guys okay?" She turns to find Tsubasa, looking concerned, not quite brave enough to walk into the room.

"Uh, yeah, fine. Just watching Ryuga watching the coffee pot. Penny for your thoughts, Ryuga?"

"I need to see the penny first", he tells her, holding out his hand.

"How about this, tell me what you're doing and I won't slap you in the middle of the night."

"You said that last time, and you still slapped me in the middle of the night."

Mal wordlessly hands him a penny.

"Where does the coffee come from?"

Mal squints at him. "Excuse me?"

"I mean, who makes it? Whenever we get up it's made already."

Mal goes silent, staring at the wall. After a minute, Tsubasa waves a hand in front of her face; when she does not respond, he turns to Ryuga with a glare. "Thanks a lot! You made her brain crash! Now we have to wait for her to reboot. On a side note, I never thought of that before. About the coffee."

"I'm smart", Ryuga tells him with a self-righteous smirk, and then walks out of the kitchen.

Tsubasa is left wondering where exactly the coffee comes from and why on earth things are happening in present tense, which can be very annoying.

Mal walks into the lab an hour later, having finally rebooted. Unable to find out who makes the coffee, she is enlisting the help of the Smarter People. Zayne and Yuki work side by side in the lab.

"Zayne, do you know where the coffee comes from?"

"Well, I - "

"Beans", Yuki interrupts.

"Yes, but I mean the coffee that is made in the house."

"I think - "

"Osias grows it on the roof", Yuki says.

"No, I mean how does it get brewed."

"Well, it's probably becau - "

"With the coffee machine. If you'll excuse us, we're trying to figure out a lock that will stop Tsubasa's mother from stealing the cars, so could you leave us alone please?"

"WILL YOU STOP INTERRUPTING!?" yells Zayne. Yuki is now silent.

"Thank you. I don't know who makes the coffee; probably your dad - he gets up before everyone else, correct?"

So Mal goes to ask her father.

"Dad, do you make the coffee when you get up?"

"No, dear, I thought your mother did that", says Samouel, who is attempting to remove Masamune from the sink.

"Masamune, why are you in the sink?"

"I put your laptop in the dishwasher", he says.

"WHAT!?"

"He drank a soda that makes him tell lies", Tsubasa says. He is holding a crowbar and attempting to fit it underneath Masamune. "I think he was trying to look in the mirror, forgot how, and sat down to think."

"I was chasing a maggot."

Mal's servers are once again overloaded. Samouel sighs and puts her in the closet to reboot.

Tsubasa finally pours melted cheese over Masamune and it is slippery enough to get him out. When it hardens again it will be pretty gross, but Tsubasa figures that's not his problem. Yet.

It is now his responsibility to find out where the coffee comes from, because Tsubasa likes to take over other people's jobs and totally outdo them.

After asking the numerous residents of the house, he still cannot come up with an answer. The Sheep does not possess the dexterity required to make coffee, and Spectre just makes a wind-whooshing noise when he is asked, because Spectre talks very rarely.

"Are you sure you don't know, Spectre? You're the eyes of this house."

"*Pumpkiinnnn*", Spectre tells him. Tsubasa does not know what a pumpkin is. (He had a rather sheltered childhood.)

And so Tsubasa decides it is time to bring in the big guns. He mounts cameras on the walls of the kitchen and stays up all night watching them.

Nothing happens.

And when they get up in the morning, there is fresh coffee waiting.

Days and weeks later, Tsubasa decides to wash the coffee pot, which has never been done. When he pours the water down the drain he hears the sound of a thousand dying ladybugs crushed under the feet of September.

Tsubasa does not know what September is either.

The coffee pot does not brew coffee the next morning, but the sink keeps turning itself on and off. Mal drops a stick in the sink disposal on accident while she is playing fetch with herself, and when she reaches in to retrieve it, there is a tiny chicken hanging on to it.

Upon further inspection by Chris, who is actually descended from a whole lot of really good plumbers, there is an entire nation of miniature chickens living in the sink. Mal puts them in the fridge as a sort of experiment, and anytime somebody goes near it it opens on its own.

At last she returns them to their place of origin, the coffee pot, and the coffee-brewing chickens have remained ever since.

The End

***Chapter 13*: Grocery Stores: Rewritten by Masamune**

Hi everybody! It's been another long day.

Masamune got hold of my laptop and rewrote 'Grocery Stores'. For lack of anything better to do, I'm posting it here. (For you newcomers, first off: welcome! Second: Grocery Stores was from Smiling through a Monday season 1 so you might just wanna read that before this.)

There was this girl who was reeeeaalllly crazy and so she danced around in the kitchen and actually, she nearly hit her head on the floor, but that was her problem and not mine.

She was actually kinda happy. She doesn't get happy too much 'cause she's an authoress and those kinds of people get real grumpy sometimes.

But then she opened the fridge, I don't know why, just randomly, and found out that we were, like, totally out of food. That was bad because people gotta eat if you know what I mean. So she sneaked around the house a little bit, cause people were sleeping, and she tried to decide who to send for groceries.

(She didn't want to go 'cause she's lazy.)

She decided not to wake up Tsubasa because he's lazy too and birds of a feather flock together. Haha. Birds. That would be funny if everyone was a bird. But back to the story.

And then she thought maybe for ME to go, but they say I'm irresponsible. Also I didn't have a car, but the first thing is the most offensive thing I ever heard.

And then there was also Kyouya. But I don't guess there's much else to say about him. And fiiiinally she decided on Ryuga, who would most likely poison us all. This was terrible judgement.

It took her an hour to make him get in the car. He really didn't want to. She made him take her little creepy pet dragon to go with him to the vet, which was creepy.

Halfway down the road he figured out there was an extra dragon in his car because it nearly slashed his face in half, which would've been such a pity because he didn't have enough money for plastic surgery. He wrapped it up in one of those dumb rain ponchos that feel weird on your skin.

At last the poor guy got to the vet and they hassled him a whole lot, and he figured if they didn't quit it he'd just have a Tsubasa moment on them all, but luckily Mal's friend came in there and saved Ryuga's poor little hide. He took the dragon home and we never heard from him again.

Ahahaha.

When Ryuga got to the grocery store he was all reluctant and stuff, and he ran away from the pineapples. The wimp.

He went to go get hot cocoa for Kyouya to not be so mad all the time and this little kid came up and said HI SIR WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? AND WHAT'S WITH THE CROWN, YA LOSER.

And Ryuga told him to go away and he actually used his inside voice, which was a total milestone.

And the kid whose name was Kevin, said WHY YA BUYING CHOCOLATE MILK FOR, YA LOSER.

And Ryuga told him it was to tame lions with, YA LOSER, which was a total lie.

Then the kid said ARE YOU MINNY'S DAD YA LOSER? (Minnie was this random kid at school who looks creepily a lot like Ryuga.)

And Ryuga said that's preposterous because what on earth, Ryuga being a dad is the weirdest thing I ever heard of. And then the kid was all on the phone like HEY MINNY YOUR DAD IS GONNA BRING YOU SOME STUFF YA LOSER.

Ryuga said will you go away, PLEASE, and Kevin said, YOU ARE TOTALLY MEAN YA LOSER. And then he proceeded to follow him around and kill the life out of him.

Ryuga was reading the grocery list and Kevin said ARE YA SURE YOU CAN READ YA LOSER? And Ryuga said OF COURSE I CAN READ. (Which I'm not all that certain of by the way.)

And so Ryuga decided to go get milk. Man, I'm saying And wayyyy too often here.

Kevin was like WHATCHA LOOKIN AT THE SOYMILK FOR YA LOSER, and Ryuga said to stop calling him a loser and go away. And Kevin said NOT ON YOUR LIFE YA LOSER.

Kevin says ARE YOU LIKE TOTALLY A DOCTOR YA LOSER?

And Ryuga told him of course not that's preposterous because what on earth, Ryuga being a doctor is like the SECOND weirdest thing I EVER heard in my LIFE.

And then we got Masamune off of this computer because it just hurts. Too. Much.

***Chapter 14*: This Means War (I think)**

Bwehehehehe. Guess what? Last week for the poll - Which OC would you like to see more of - The Tomato won! Ahahaha. I couldn't believe it.

So now, thanks to Ryugafangirl who was the first to vote for the Tomato, there will be war.

Bwehehehehehe...(I also have no idea how this is going to turn out. I tried)

I give you stories. I give you laughter. I give you two words:

Run!

I lied. It's one word.

Well, everyone, the moment of truth has come. My name is Mal and if this is my last chapter ever then tell my cat I love him. Don't cry for me, friends. (You better cry.) Don't feel sad. (You better feel sad.) And don't miss my funeral. (Yeah, you might want to skip the funeral, btw.)

Somebody make me stop contradicting myself.

That's what I wrote in my notebook yesterday before we went to war. I was seriously scared. I just wanted to let somebody know I existed, and also to make sure that I used up that one last sheet 'cause I can be OCD like that sometimes. I wrote my will when my little brother was born, so that's already taken care of.

There were four of us, to start out with. I didn't know where everyone else was because when It started, we all ran for our lives and threw all camaraderie to the wind. I also started playing war music on my iPod. (Linkin Park. Boom baby!)

But that's enough rambling. Here's the real story.

It was me, Tsubasa, Masamune, and Gingka. Good grief. Masamune and Gingka only count as half a warrior each so really there were only three of us, armed with various things. I had the jellybean gun. Masamune had a bunch of socks balled up together and Gingka had...well, the only thing he'd brought was a piece of pizza which was half-gone by the time we hit the top of the stairs. And so I told him to Get His Brain Together Or We Would Feed Him To The Vegetable Young Man.

Tsubasa peeked out the window in my bedroom door. "You were right, Mal. He was building up a salad army. I think I see a couple Thin Mints in there too."

"Thin Mints? We have to kill THIN MINTS!?"

"Well, yeah, Gingka", I said. "If we eat them we might become one of them. And I don't want to have to shoot you."

Gingka shuddered. "I never knew my food might want to eat me back."

"You're not exactly all that delicious-looking", Masamune said doubtfully.

"Well I bet I taste better than YOU!"

"NUH-UH!"

"This is not the time, guys", Tsubasa told them. Man, I was so glad it was him I was stuck with instead of Kyouya.

"We need a plan", he added. Oh, such a lucky break. "I think we should charge them."

"CHARGE them!?" I screeched. That was the most horrifying thing I had ever heard - besides cleaning Gingka's closet.

"That's suicide!"

"It might sound dangerous, but vegetables aren't exactly as thick as skin."

"It's the great vegetable massacre", whispered Masamune.

"Tsubasa - "

"Do you guys hear that?" Gingka interrupted me. We listened intently.

"I don't - "

"Sh."

Then I heard it. Clunking from my wardrobe. "Uh-oh. They're in here", whispered Masamune.

"Stop whispering, Masamune. It's creepy."

And then Ryuga tumbled out of the wardrobe wearing my sweater. Again. My favourite one, the blue one with smiley faces that he steals ALL. THE. TIME.

"RYUGA!" I yelled. "This is war! There is no time for you to be stealing my clothes!"

"Then this is no time for you to be taking them back. Wait, who are we fighting?"

I facepalmed. "Whom. It's WHOM are we fighting. I thought we'd been over this before."

"This is not the time for grammar. We're fighting the Tomato who lives in the walls", Tsubasa told him.

"The one who steals Pocky all the time?"

"No. The other one."

"WAIT, we have TWO!?" Why had somebody not informed me of this earlier!? On the other hand, that explained why all my Pocky kept disappearing.

"Okay, Ryuga. Here's the plan. We're gonna rush 'em", Tsubasa began.

"Not me. I'm staying here", I announced. "Cat and I can be the turret at the top of the house so that if they try to escape we can shoot them."

"Fine. I - "

"I get to shoot!" yelled Kevin, which made me fall down because I had NO IDEA that he was ALSO in the wardrobe. He was wearing my SECOND favourite sweater.

"WHY DO PEOPLE KEEP STEALING MY CLOTHES!?"

"Calm down, Mal. We need to concentrate", Tsubasa insisted. "Kevin and Cat will stay here with you. Ryuga, Masamune, Gingka, you're with me."

They headed out. I made Gingka take the notebook with him. If we were going to die, the notebook might as well go to a good cause. Besides, you guys already read my last words. Make sure they put 'em on my tombstone, okay?

As soon as they were gone, I whistled shrilly and the dragons tumbled out from under the bed. There was an extra; this was Muse. He likes to disguise himself.

Remember that machine gun turret from earlier? I put the jelly bean gun on it and then Cat, Kevin, the dragons, and I sat down to wait.

Tsubasa, Gingka, Masamune, and Ryuga burst out from the top of the stairs into...

total silence.

"I thought I saw veggies out here", Tsubasa said puzzledly.

"I'll just bet you they're lying in wait", whispered Ryuga.

"Don't scare me." Tsubasa hefted the AirSoft gun, strategically loaded with rolled-up pellets of bread, courtesy of Matt.

"The first thing we need to do is get the kids. The lab will be the most secure place. Then once everyone is safe, we'll go out and kill every last vegetable in this place."

"It'll be a massive salad", Masamune said.

"I'm not eating a single bite of it. It might stain my sweater."

"That's Mal's sweater", said Gingka indignantly.

"Not anymore."

Tsubasa knocked on the first door down the hall. "Who is it?" came Minny's voice from inside.

"It's Tsubasa. You need to open the door so we can get you to safety."

Minny opened the door to reveal herself in the light and Kenta, Yuu, Mikey, Jonah, and just about all the other kids crammed under the windowsill.

"I was the brave one", she told him.

"Good job. Where's Nile? He's supposed to live in this bedroom."

"Him and Osias fled to Venezuela", she said. "They lefted us behind."

"Wow. Mature", commented Ryuga, scooping up Minny. "Let's get going."

The kids followed the foursome down the hallway to the lab. Tsubasa, unfortunately, went first. A torrent of Blue Cheese Dressing fell down on top of him, drenching him.

"Aw, don't I get cheese poured on me enough!?" he wailed.

"M'pologies", Zayne said, handing him a beach towel. "I rigged that there in case they tried to get in. The ratio of weight to total mass should -"

"Is that English?" inquired Masamune.

Zayne sighed. "It would crush them to the floor."

Tsubasa grumbled. "Me and my hair are in no way safe here."

"Be quiet, you have vegetables to fight", Masamune admonished him.

"You're one to talk! In fact you've been talking this WHOLE TIME!"

"Well, scroll up a little and you'll see that most of this chapter is dialogue anyway."

"That's paradoxical", objected Zayne.

"We don't have time for this. We need to go now." Tsubasa slicked as much of the dressing as he could off of his face and hair, and then the foursome moved out, leaving the children with Zayne.

Hours had passed. Kevin and the dragons were asleep, the unfaithful little creatures. Muse was pacing the room and Cat was...well, gone. Cat just goes places, I don't know why.

I finally wandered out. A girl has to eat you know. I had the jelly bean gun to protect me and I needed to see what had happened to Tsubasa and the others.

Instead of vegetables, though, I found Spectre on the floor.

"Hey, Spec, Whatcha doin'?"

He sat up. "*medicine*", he told me. I translated it to mean "I'm so full I can't move".

"What didja eat, buddy?"

"*ninjas*", he said. This means "Everything" in Spectre language. Then it dawned on me.

"Did you eat the vegetable army?"

"*Rosebush*." This means Yes.

I found Tsubasa in the hall closet. "It's safe to come out now", I told him. "Where is your team?"

"They went to Venezuela to hide with Nile."

"Cowards. You need a bath", I said, noticing the dressing for the first time. "Ranch?"

"Blue Cheese."

"Oy, that's a classic. Spectre saved the day", I said. "I - "

But at that moment The Tomato himself ran by. I squealed and jumped. So he hadn't managed to escape Spectre, after all.

He still lives in the walls. He's had many other adventures since, but...well, that's a story for another time.

Chapter 15: Pancakes, for lack of a better title

Neh. Mal has been on the piano way too much.

It was early morning, and Tsubasa was watching the chickens brew the coffee when Mal came downstairs. She looked like she'd been through a tornado. Her hair was total horror. This was the first thing Tsubasa tended to notice about people, quite understandably.

"I think my arms are disintegrating", Mal announced. "I can barely move them."

Tsubasa examined her fingers. "Nope. Still intact. What did you do?"

"I typed and typed and typed and typed and typed and played on the piano for about 7 hours straight and typed and typed and typed and typed some more. Also I think I had too much caffeine."

"Hmmm. I can't be certain. How did you manage to button that?" Her shirt had about 64 buttons on it.

"I don't unbutton them when I take them off."

"That's a relief."

"Yeah, it keeps Ryuga from wearing them."

"I think you need to sleep. There are basically caves underneath your eyeballs." Other people get bags under their eyes; we get caves because we stay up waaayyyy later than other people.

"Yeah, thanks." Then she fell down and went to sleep on the floor.

"No, Mal, I didn't mean here...aw, man." Tsubasa pushed her under the table where the Morning Stampede wouldn't trample her to death. Now it was up to him to get everyone up and ready for school, as if it wasn't hard enough already.

Spectre, of course, was already awake. He watched Tsubasa curiously.

"Hey, Spectre, do you want to help me?"

"*Asterisk*".

"Um, okay, is that a yes?"

Spectre blew all the air out of his mouth really hard.

"Wow. Okay. Well at least you're homeschooled. One less person to worry about."

Spectre blinked, which was rare. He was mildly offended by this comment.

"Come on, Spectre, let's go wake people up", said Tsubasa. If Spectre is the first thing you see when you wake up, you're not going to sleep again for awhile.

Spectre followed him. "*Hatchibombatar*", he told Tsubasa.

"I don't know what that means. Here, tap Matt on the shoulder, will you?"

Spectre poked Matt quietly. "Nnnng...five minutes", muttered Matt.

"*Indelible*", Spectre said. He said it so spookily that Matt shrieked and fell out of the bunk bed.

"Good morning", Tsubasa said to him. "Get dressed."

"Where's Mal? Usually she wakes us up."

"She fell off a cliff."

"Cool!"

"I lied. She's asleep under the table."

"Much less cool."

"Just get dressed."

"Not until Spectre leaves", Matt said accusingly. Spectre blinked again.

"*Overattached syntax*", Spectre said, which meant 'Why are you people so mean to me!?'.

"Me too", Matt said. "I don't know what that means but I agree. Now go away, Spectre. Shoo."

"*Disassembled scoliosis*", Spectre said, which means 'I am a human, not a dog'. Tsubasa pushed him gently out of the room and closed the door behind them.

Matt came out wearing Ryuga's clothes.

"Why are you wearing that!?"

"Ryuga took Mal's sweater the other day and left his shirt in my room, so I went and stole his pants out of the dryer before Masamune got to them."

"Those are extremely too big for you."

Matt paid him no mind and walked to the kitchen. Then Tsubasa remembered that he needed to cook breakfast or everyone would end up just eating cupcakes again. Last time that happened, the FBI came to investigate, and the FBI wasn't even based in Australia.

When he got to the kitchen, Evelin was already there. "Can I help you make breakfast?"

"I guess so. Where is everyone else?"

"You're a bit late", she said, pointing at the clock. It was 10 am. How had that happened!?

"Minnie was playing with your alarm clock last night."

So that explained how Matt had gotten away with sleeping in and Evelin had gotten out of going to school. "Who got everybody onto the bus?"

"Kyouya did. He chased them with the lawn mower. I hid", she answered.

"Okay. Eat something and then I'll drive you to school."

Evelin complained. "I've already missed half the day! Why don't I just wait until tomorrow to go? What's another four hours against my amazing IQ?"

"Do you even know what IQ means?"

"Uh, I know, but it's really not important right now."

Tsubasa was too stressed out to argue. How had he gotten up LATE!? He never got up late! Never!

"I guess you can stay home. Help me make breakfast." They decided to make pancakes, which was a disaster. Evelin mistook the quail eggs for chicken eggs, which was weird because chicken eggs are about four times larger, and why did Mal even have quail eggs anyway!? They were even canned, not cartoned, and pre-boiled, so Evelin cut them up and put them in the batter while Tsubasa wasn't looking.

Then she accidentally used Lactaid instead of 2% which made the batter taste weird. And since Tsubasa wasn't looking for most of the time, she went ahead and poured two pounds of chocolate chips in too.

Tsubasa didn't care. He was too depressed because he had gotten up late. (As we all know, Tsubasa kind of has...problems.)

Evelin also managed to miss the bowl entirely and dumped the flour all over Masamune, who protested loudly, and who had also gotten out of going to school somehow.

"Well why were you trying to get in the bowl, Masamune!?"

"I don't know! Watch where you're pouring that! Tsubasa, make her apologise!"

"Apologise", muttered Tsubasa from inside the cabinet. That's where he goes when he's sad.

"No."

Tsubasa did not argue.

Masamune left to take a shower, and actually used soap this time. Evelin somehow succeeded in cooking the pancaked herself, though she melted the colander in the process. They turned out raw in the middle, but that's how the kids like them.

By the time she had used up half the batter, Kevin and Spectre, who were trying to be helpful, had filled it with about a thousand other things, including but not limited to:

Broccoli

A marinated shoe

Storm Pegasus

A used sponge

Eighty-six buckets of gravy

Oranges (unpeeled)

A spool of thread

Fish

And about all the candy in the house.

Needless to say, when Tsubasa finally ate, it was quite a different experience. "What did you put in this?"

"I don't know. I probably don't want to know", Evelin said. She washed the dishes and put them all in the wrong places and then ate breakfast with Masamune.

"Mal makes a nice footstool", Masamune commented.

"You're getting shoe-prints on her jeans."

"When Mal gets shoe-prints on stuff, we call it art, but when I do it, it's a mess", grumbled Masamune.

"That's because your shoe-prints are ugly", said Kevin matter-of-factly. At all of four years old, he knew everything in the world, apparently. "Can I have a can-cake, Evelin?"

Evelin gave him a pancake.

"No, a CAN-cake."

"I thought it was your speech sediment."

"Impediment", corrected Tsubasa, still brooding in the cabinet. Although he was seriously contemplating migrating to a drawer soon; pot-lids do not make very nice cushions.

"I'll show you." Kevin picked up a tomato sauce can and emptied it of its contents, then squished his pancake down inside and poured milk all over it. "I made it up. It's called a can-cake 'cause it goes in a can", he said.

"It makes sense."

Evelin looked down at his 'can-cake' in disgust. There were threads of tomato sauce floating in the milk.

Finally Mal woke up and skipped the breakfast altogether. This was a wise choice, because I forgot to mention that they put ranch dressing in the pancakes also. She got mad that they'd used her quail eggs.

Sorry for the bad ending but mum said I had to get off the computer...

***Chapter 16*: Pokey the time traveller**

Hey all,

the whole 'poll every week' deal isn't working out. So this weekend, you get to choose a canon character for me to integrate! Review with your answer.

Pick from:

King

Reiji

Argo

Jigsaw

Zeo

It was not a good idea to allow Mal to use the portal for her personal business. She tended to bring strange things home with her; Pokey, for instance.

She came through the lab with a little boy clinging to her and touching everything in the house as they passed by. "I'm babysitting", she told Z by way of explanation.

"I know. You're Pokey's favourite babysitter. Just don't let him touch my stuff, and, uh, you might not want to tell Tsubasa..."

"Gotcha."

"Yeah, time-space continuum and all that."

Tsubasa, who was actually in the room at the time, was a bit offended by their pretending he wasn't present, and said "Tell me what?"

Mal began, "Well, you see - "

"Nothing", Z interrupted hastily.

Pokey said "Hi."

Tsubasa waved to him awkwardly. But he wasn't really thinking. What was this big secret that people didn't want him to know? Was it bad? Was he in trouble? Was it about Pokey?

"Pokey, no, don't touch the hydroponic system. I - " At that moment Mal's phone rang and she interrupted herself by answering it. "What, Kyouya!? What do you want? I'm babysitting Pokey right now."

She listened intently, and then gasped. "Oh my goodness, Kyouya, stay there, and I mean DO NOT move. NO, don't try to sew it up yourself! SIT DOWN. Rest, ice, compress, elevate. I'm on my way."

Mal snapped her phone shut and shoved Pokey at Tsubasa. "Take this. Kyouya managed to run over his own foot. I need to go." She rushed out the door.

Tsubasa was left holding Pokey, who was holding a vial of viscous looking fluid. Zayne snatched the vial from Pokey and told Tsubasa that he had to leave the lab.

Obediently, Tsubasa brought Pokey out of the lab. Pokey attempted to grab the checkers. Then Tsubasa had an idea. Maybe Pokey himself could tell him this great secret! Tsubasa set him down on the floor where he immediately grabbed a pillow and stood on it, then got off of it and put it on his head, etc. Pokey seemed full of silent but brewing energy.

"Hey. Hey, Pokey, do you know a secret?"

"I know lots of secrets", Pokey said.

"Do you know a secret about me?"

"Yes sir."

"What's the secret?"

"You told me not to tell anybody."

Had he? Tsubasa didn't remember ever telling Pokey a secret. He'd never seen Pokey before in his life.

"Okay, well, you can tell me."

"You left your shoes in the river", whispered Pokey confidentially. Tsubasa did not understand. He had not done this. It was not a secret. What even...he was distracted by Pokey stacking the pillows on top of each other and then attempting to climb the plushy tower.

"Did Mal tell you a secret?" he asked Pokey, removing the boy from the pillows.

"Yeah, but I can't tell YOU."

"If I give you something, will you tell me?"

"Why?"

"Because I really want to know."

"Do you really REALLY want to know?"

"Yes, really, really REAALLLY a lot." Tsubasa could play this game forever.

"Really really really reaalllyYYY?" Pokey increased greatly in volume.

"Infinity really."

"It will cost you", Pokey said gravely.

"Okay, what do I have to give you?" Tsubasa was actually a bit afraid. Kids can strike a hard bargain.

"Twinkies", he said simply. Tsubasa put him in the kitchen chair and went to look in the fridge. Evelin was inside.

"Evelin, why are you in there again?"

"Just chillin'", she answered.

"Can you get out, please? While you were in there, by the way, did you see any Twinkies?"

Evelin averted her gaze. "Uh, not anymore. Why?"

"I'm trying to get Pokey to tell me the secret."

"Ohhh, THAT secret."

"What secret?" He pounced on it.

"The secret we weren't supposed to tell you about Pokey."

Tsubasa sighed. "I guess you aren't going to tell me either."

He turned back to Pokey. Having touched everything on the table in quick succession, Pokey had turned to Spectre, who was standing silently by the threshold.

"Hi", he said to Spectre.

Spectre made a whooshing sound, long and complicated. Pokey listened with his head cocked and then said "No."

Spectre asked, "*Eggplant?*"

"Not in a million years."

"Can you understand what he's saying?" asked Tsubasa in awe.

"Yeah. You just got to listen real real close", Pokey explained. "Also I haven't taught him to talk in this universe yet."

Tsubasa was puzzled by this and thrown off guard for a moment. He tried to remember where he was, and that it was the kitchen, and what a kitchen was. He was finally brought back to reality by Evelin handing him Twinkies. "Found more. You can thank me later." She left quickly.

Tsubasa gave Pokey the Twinkies and he gobbled them down and folded the wrapper into a complex geometric shape.

"Will you tell me the secret now?"

Pokey leaned in close again. "Mal is chargin' you more for babysitting than I'm worth", he hissed.

But Mal hadn't charged him for anything! Tsubasa was thrown off again. This was a chair, right? Was that a food or something? Oh, yes. This was the kitchen still, and there was Pokey, climbing the shelves and counting the books.

"Get down", he told Pokey gently, picking him off the top shelf and setting him on the floor. What was the big secret? Pokey was either talking about something from another universe or out of his mind.

"Kay." Pokey wandered out of the kitchen and touched every key on the piano gently, talking to each key under his breath. Such a strange kid.

Finally Mal got back and Ryuga came in behind her, emo-ly half-carrying Kyouya, whose foot was indeed quite run-over.

"Malllll", whined Pokey, "Dis guy keeps trying to make me tell him stuff. I already told him you was charging him too much."

Mal looked shocked. "Pokey! I thought you said you wouldn't tell!"

"Twinkies broke the deal", Pokey explained.

"Okay, well, it's about time for you to go home." Mal quickly zipped through the portal and returned Pokey home.

She got back, and Tsubasa asked her exasperatedly "What's the big secret with Pokey!?"

"I really shouldn't tell you. It could make time-space blow up."

"You've done that plenty of times already, one more won't hurt."

"Pokey is your son from the future", she told him simply. "Now you owe me lots and lots of Twinkies."

Tsubasa was too busy trying to remember where the floor was, and then he was on it because it was all just too much and he'd evidently passed out. Pokey tends to have that effect on people.

***Chapter 17*: Memorial Day**

Okay everybody, it's Memorial Day, so I have something to tell y'all.

In a couple weeks I'm going to computer camp and I'm gonna be pretty busy, also my muse is a bit dead, so I need a quick sabbatical. I'll be back mid-June at the earliest and early July at the latest. I want to work on the Unity Station trilogy and I'm also trying to get it novelised, so there you have it; don't worry, I don't plan to be gone so long this time!

See y'all around,

Mal

Chapter 18: Wildness Time

Ehhh. I was supposed to come back to this story sometime this month, but things got tangled up, and I started Winged Legacy which put me in a dark mood, and I just don't know if this will get restarted until the end of the summer...which is when y'all will really need it anyway :P school and all that. I'm posting these chapters by request, for rosieoliveto7. Thank you, Rosie, for your support and kind words ^^

Slightly inspired by this one chapter from Prototype 1 - found in Old Stories. In Beyblade universe, so Mal doesn't exist :P (By the way, there's more Smiling through a Monday in Old Stories, but I removed it because it's terrible -_-')

Things were not going very well.

Let's rephrase this: Nobody knows what very well is because it never happens. Ever. Not at the Japan WBBA, at least. It was a very hard day for everybody. It was all the Director's fault.

He has to be the most immature adult imaginable.

He sings 'Happy Birthday' to the sky. Every. Single. Day.

Nobody knows why, that's just how it is.

Okay, so it wasn't ALL the Director's fault. It was partly Gingka's and partly Masamune's and partly Yuu's. And no, it wasn't because of caffeine, because we are NOT reading a cliché story here.

It was because Yuu, Masamune, and Gingka had for some reason decided that this was now The Wild and that it was Surviving Time. So they had taken all of the fur coats from the supply closet and ripped them up and made *pelts* out of them, which they were now using as clothing. They had also taken the tablecloths from the dining room, hot-glued them together, and made enormous tents, which now dominated the lobby.

They had plucked several of Eagle's most beautiful tail feathers out and made little headdresses. They had poured about 6 gallons of Swedish Fish into the fountain outside and were now attempting to spear them with barbecue skewers.

Fuming, Tsubasa bandaged Eagle's abused rear and glared out the window at the three boys, who had taken all the Copic markers from Tsubasa's desk and used them as face paint. Those things cost six bucks each, and now the tips were ruined. They had also left the caps off.

Tsubasa barricaded himself into his office with the desk. He contemplated spending the night here. He could sleep on the floor; he'd done it in the past. He was fully expecting an all-out campfire on the third floor come night time.

As he watched from the window of his office, the Director came swooping down out of the sky with his little bird suit and joined the boys in yelping at the fountain. Apparently they were all hooting a song of happiness because Yuu had caught 50 fish on one barbecue skewer. (How this followed the laws of physics, Tsubasa didn't know.)

Oh this is the happy song

We caught a lot of fish

And they have mildew from the fountain

But they're food, so we're gonna eat them

OOOooohhhoOOOOHHohohOHOHOhohOHOhohhOOO

Lovely.

Just plain lovely.

Tsubasa dug around in his desk drawers; he found a bag of skittles, 5 Twinkies, and a carrot. (A carrot?) No water. There was nothing to drink. The water fountain was out in the hall.

He emptied the skittles into the drawer and carried the bag into the hallway. There was enough time to get water before they came barreling up the stairs, wasn't there?

No.

He froze in shock, bag of water in his hand, as they came thundering down the hall with their fish-spears.
"TSUBASAAAA!" NO! Why him!?

He tried to duck back into his office, and nearly made it, but one by one - tumble, tumble, tumble - the four of them followed him and ended up in a pile of fur and fish on his carpet.

Nightmare time.

"We caught you A FISH!" yelled Yuu. He held up his skewer, covered in red blobs. Definitely not a fish.

"Uhhhhh...no thanks", said Tsubasa, trying to edge past them to the door. He and Eagle needed to make a really, really fast escape. He wondered distantly if he could hang on to Eagle's feet and Eagle could fly them to safety. Did he weigh that much more than a sheep? Eagles could carry sheep, right?

He gathered Eagle close to his chest, using him as a feathery shield.

Yuu pouted. "But they're just for YOUUUU!"

"I'm not hungry. Put them on my desk and I'll, uh, use them later." By use, he meant dispose of carefully. By dispose of carefully, he meant incinerate.

"Eat them", said Masamune, scrambling around gorilla-style.

"I don't want to eat them", he answered firmly. "I said I will eat them later." In just a second, they would pounce, and they would force-feed him...

Tsubasa ran for the window suddenly, flinging it open and tossing Eagle out, clinging desperately to his feet.

It didn't work.

Eagle let loose a screech and attempted to hold him up by the hair, but Tsubasa was too heavy. He would make one fat sheep, that was for sure. His scalp was on fire. The ground was surging upwards to meet him.

Luckily, a large tree broke his fall, and he ended up snagged on a branch by the shirt with an angry eagle tangled in his hair.

An hour later, he made it back to the WBBA; his shirt was filled with holes. His hair was filled with leaves and feathers. Eagle had flown away squawking indignantly. There were scratches all over him, and he'd lost his shoes somewhere along the way.

He silenced Hikaru with one look.

"Where are the Wild People?" he asked her.

"We called Animal Control", she explained.

"Did you get all of the Swedish fish out of the fountain?"

She shuddered. "I will never eat Swedish fish again."

***Chapter 19*: The Very Important Day**

Ok. Ok. I know I was supposed to get back to Smiling like forever ago. But I didn't. My muse is so gone...it distracted itself away to Clone Wars and all this other irrelevant stuff...so I need your help! YOURS!

I'm gonna be posting polls on my profile. I need you to take them. They will NOT decide Smiling's future, but they'll help me get a grip. PLEASE take them! It just takes a second and it helps SOOO much!

If you have an account on deviantArt but not on here, message me your answer: I'm chika365.

If you don't have an account on either but want to help, put it in a guest review. Guests can review the same chapter as many times as they want.

Please help me! And follow me on deviantArt for more FanFiction updates.

Thanks soooo much,

Bean (aka Mal)

***Chapter 20*: MFB Filming Bloopers Reel**

Guysguysguysguys! We reached the 20th chapter!

Please please take the poll on my profile before you read this. It may seem weird but it's important to me. Go on, go!

Well, I got inspired by goctysomethingsomething...and we just call her Gocty...well I read one of her stories and THIS happened. These are the bloopers during the filming of Metal Fight Beyblade, filmed by Mal, Julia, and other assorted things.

(Note: Not really. That's just part of the story.)

Episode 1

Gingka is asleep on top of the water tower.

Julia: *hisses* Snore with FEELING, Gingka!

Gingka: *attempts to snore with feeling*

small dog runs through the scene, knocking the water tower over

Mal: CUT!

Julia: What? We can still do the scene!

Mal: No. The water tower fell over. It won't be right.

Julia: You're so OCD.

Kenta in his battle with Benkei.

Julia: *hisses* Cry with FEELING, Kenta!

Kenta: *attempts to cry with feeling*

Benkei: Hahahaa-wait a second, you beat me! You're not supposed to beat me! *looks at script*

Mal: CUT!

Julia: No, wait, Mal, we can still do it! It'll just turn out a different way!

Mal: *throws script at Julia's face*

Kenta winning the tournament and holding his trophy.

Julia: *hisses* Smile with FEELING!

Kenta: *attempts to smile with feeling*

Kenta: *smiles so hard he falls off the stage*

Mal: CUT!

Julia: No, wait, keep that one in to make it funny!

Mal: *throws camera at Julia*

Gingka sleeping on the water tower: Take 2

Julia: *hisses* MORE FEELING.

Gingka: *falls off the water tower*

Mal: CUT!

Julia: No, wait -

Mal: *throws director's chair at Julia*

Gingka saving Kenta from the face hunters

Gingka: Don't worry, I'll save you!

Julia: *hisses* That's not in the script!

Ryo: *swoops down from up above* I AM SUPER!

Julia: GET OUTTA HERE!

Mal: CUT!

Julia: No -

Mal: *throws potato chips at Julia*

Kenta winning the tournament: Take 2

Julia: *hisses* FEELING!

Kenta: *smiles really hard*

loud cracking is heard

Kenta: *falls down screaming*

DJ Jazzman: CALL AN AMBULANCE! HE BROKE HIS FACE! TOO MUCH FEELING!

DJ: *calls 911*

Julia: Whoops, sorry.

Mal: CUT!

Julia: No, wait, we can still -

Mal: *throws trophy at Julia*

Episode 2

Gingka battling Kyouya

Kyouya: You can't beat me! I...wait *looks at script*

Mal: CUT!

Julia: Hey, Mal -

Mal: *throws car at Julia*

Benkei threatening to drop Sagittario

Benkei: Say bye-bye to your bey-bey! *drops bey*

Kenta: NOO! BENKEI!

Julia: YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO ACTUALLY DROP IT!

Benkei: Psych! Hahahaha...*shows them the unharmed bey* I just dropped a little pebble.

Mal: UGH. Cut.

Julia: Mal, wait a sec -

Mal: *throws swimming pool at Julia*

Gingka battling Kyouya: Take 2

Kyouya: Ahahahahaha -

Yami: Is this the way to the mall?

Mal: Why are you here!? No! This is a roof, Yami!

Yami: Oh, sorry.

Kyouya: *is choking on a hairball*

Mal: *sighs* Cut.

Julia: Wait a sec -

Mal: *throws McDonald's at Julia*

Benkei taking Kenta's bey

Benkei: And tell your friend Gingka -

Yami: Is this the way to the airport?

Julia: No, this is the grass, Yami. Look around!

Yami: Sorry.

Mal: CUT!

Julia: Hey, Mal -

Mal: *throws a whale at Julia*

Kyouya VS. Gingka: Take 45

Madoka: Leone's using a microwave to create huge rays of sunshine that are killing Martians!

Julia: Did you read the script!?

Madoka: That's what the script says.

Julia: *looks at Madoka's script* Actually, it does.

All: *glare at Masamune*

Masamune: Don't look at me, I'm not even in this part of the show!

Mal: CUT.

Julia: Mal, you -

Mal: *throws Australia at Julia*

Benkei threatening to toss Kenta's bey, take 2:

Benkei: Say bye-bye to your bey-bey!

Yami: Excuse me, is this the way to -

Mal: NO.

Yami: But I was looking for the roof!

Mal: Actually, yes. Now go away!

Yami: *shrugs and jumps off the edge*

Julia: NOOOO! SUICIDE! *runs to the edge* Whoops, nevermind, I forgot he's magical.

Mal: CUT.

Julia: Mal?

Mal: How are you even still alive?

Julia: I don't know, I just think you should -

Mal: *throws North America at Julia*

Episode 3

Doji walking menacingly through the door

Julia: *hisses* rage with FEELING, Doji!

Doji: *rages with feeling*

Doji: *Catches sight of the camera*

Doji: NOOOOO PAPARAZZI! *throws glasses at camera*

camera breaks

Mal: WHAT!? CUT!

Julia: Mal -

Mal: NO.

Julia: But I've been trying to tell you that -

Mal: *throws Pluto at Julia*

Kyouya on the helicARRIER

Julia: Glare with feeling!

Kyouya: *attempts to glare with feeling but looks sick*

Julia: Are you OK?

Ryo: *flies through the window without opening it and rescues Kyouya* I AM SUPER!

Julia: NO YOU ARE NOT!

Ryo: *starts to bleed because there is broken glass sticking out of his head*

Mal: CUT.

Julia: Mal, did you know -

Mal: *throws earth at Julia*

Julia: Are you out of things to throw yet?

Mal: NO.

Julia: I've been trying to tell you that there's a -

Mal: *throws Wal-Mart at Julia*

Kenta Vs. Gingka

Gingka: Ok, Kenta, let's see what you've got!

Tsubasa: Hey, have you guys seen my hairclip? The big one?

Mal: UGH. NO. I told you I haven't seen it!

Tsubasa: Well you're the one whose dog keeps on eating my stuff!

Mal: OH!? And how about last winter, when YOU ate the Christmas tree!?

Ryuga; *comes out of bedroom* What's going on?

Julia: Hide me.

Tsubasa: Well you had pictures of my Eagle on your computer!

Mal: THAT WASN'T YOUR EAGLE! That was a CHICKEN!

Julia: Uh...cut?

Mal: NO. I AM SUPPOSED TO SAY CUT.

Mal: CUT.

Julia: Hey, Mal -

Mal: *throws goatpen at Julia*

Kyouya training

Julia: Train with feeling!

Kyouya: *is running on the treadmill* So...tired...

Mal: We only just started!

Yuu: *turns the treadmill to super high*

Kyouya: *falls on his face*

Kyouya: YOU BRAT! *chases Yuu*

Mal: CUT

Julia: Say, whenever you get the chance -

Mal: *throws bathroom at Julia*

Doji walking menacingly: take 37

Doji: *trips over Tsubasa's hairclip and breaks his leg*

Mal: CUT.

Julia: Mal. You really need to -

Mal: *throws chainsaw at Julia*

Hahaha...so in the end, Julia doubled in as Doji, and Dumptruck went for Kenta, since his face was broken.

Julia: Mal, I've been trying to tell you that Cookie Monster was messing stuff up in your bedroom.

Mal: WHAT!? *throws baseball field at Julia*

Julia: THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR.

***Chapter 21*: More Mistakes**

Hahahaha...I'm so pleased with that last chapter that I decided to do another

Episode 4: Charge! Bull Power!

Gingka getting his triple beef burger

Gingka: *to kid* DO YA KNOW ME? HUH? YA SHOULD! CAUSE I GOT THE LAST TRIPLE BEEF BURGER!

Kid: *leaves*

Gingka: *opens bag*

Gingka: Wait, this is a hot dog!

Julia: What!?

Mal: CUT.

Julia: It would be funny if we leave it in...

Mal: Okay, fine...

Episode 24: The Beautiful Eagle (Yeah, we skipped a couple)

Tsubasa and Gingka eating fish in the wilderness

Tsubasa: *starts choking on fish bone*

Gingka: Tsubasa! *runs over and starts thumping him on the back*

Tsubasa: *coughs fish bones into the fire*

Tsubasa: *laughs really hard* Hah! I GOT YOU!

Gingka: *pushes Tsubasa into the fire*

Mal: CUT!

Julia: Hey, if I say anything, will you throw stuff at me again?

Mal: Yes.

Julia: I think we should leave it in.

Mal: *throws library at Julia*

Episode 13: L-Draco Awakens

Ryuga first appears to battle Gingka

Ryuga: *walks in menacingly*

Mal: CUT.

Julia: !?

Mal: IS THAT MY SWEATER!?

Ryuga: Uh. No?

Mal: *hissy fit ensues*

Episode 14: Memories of Ryo

Ryuga first gets L-Draco

Ryuga: *gets crystal with bey in it*

Gingka: *jumps out from behind the backdrop* WAIT! I left my sock out on the scene! *grabs his sock from the floor*

Mal: CUT.

Take 2

Ryuga: *gets crystal with bey in it*

Ryo: *swings by on a rope* NOOOOOO! *grabs crystal*

Mal: CUT!

Take 5

Ryuga: *gets crystal with bey in it*

Ryuga: AT LAST I HAVE FOUND THE LUCKY CHARMS!

Gingka: *runs out wearing leprechaun costume* NOOO!

Mal: CUT!

Take 65

Ryuga: *gets crystal with bey in it*

Yami: Is this the way to the beyblade filming?

Julia: WE ALREADY TOLD YOU YOU'RE NOT INVITED!

Yami: *leaves*

Mal: CUT!

Take 66

Ryuga: *gets crystal with bey in it*

paint is shot all over the scene turning it pink

Julia: YAMI!

Yami: Revenge is mine!

Mal: Death is yours. *starts chasing Yami*

Julia: Uh...cut?

Take 104

Ryuga: *gets crystal with bey in it*

Ryuga: Wait, guys?...Guys? This isn't a beyblade, it s nutmeg.

Julia: Whoops, wrong crystal.

Mal: Cut...

Take 206

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Mal: IS THAT MY SWEATER!?

Julia: Cut.

Take 509

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Ryuga: At last, ASGHAISIAI...ASIDASUS...ASUA...

Mal: Ryuga!?

Ryuga: Idk, in the script it says 'massive asthma attack'.

Mal: CUT!

Take 888

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Ryuga: At last, I -

Dumptruck: *runs in and starts barking furiously at Ryuga*

Julia: THERE'S A MOUSE IN YOUR HAIRSTYLE!

Ryuga: *screams* NO! NOINONONONONINNONI!!~GET IT OFFF

Mal: *sprays it with pesticide*

Ryuga: *hair falls out*

Ryuga: MAL!

Mal: Sorry, sorry! CUT!

Take 1087

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Ryuga: At last - asfokasijhfask! AIUHADKSHDK! AKHFAS! ACHOO! AOSUFHASKLJHS!

Mal: *grabs script* RYUGA! Quit fooling around!

Julia: Mal, I think he's actually having an asthma attack this time...

Mal: I didn't know those came with sneezing!

Julia: *goes to get medical dictionary*

Mal: *tries to see if beyblade is still all right*

Ryuga: *flails like fish out of water*

Kenta: *runs into room with chewed-up inhaler* Here ya go Ryuga!

Ryuga: *manages to not die*

Mal: He chews on his inhaler!?

Julia: *goes to get psychological dictionary* maybe it's OCD!

Kenta: Mal...?

Mal: Oh yeah. Cut.

Take 30087

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Mal: IS THAT MY SWEATER!?

Ryuga: No, I swear, it's really mine this time :(

Mal: Oh, sorry. Cut.

Take 6544809

Ryuga: *empty hands*

Mal: Where's the crystal!?

Ryuga: Uh...I think I lost it.

Mal: Cut.

Take 2345678

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

scene is covered with paint

Mal: WHAT ON EARTH!

Yami: Whoops, sorry, wrong authoress! I meant that to be for Galaxy. She's filming Beyblade at her house too.

Julia: HOW DARE SHE STEAL OUR IDEA.

Yami: Or wait, maybe it was because of that other thing...I forget now.

Mal: Yami, get a map! CUT!

Take 1236587

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Ryuga: This is a nutmeg!

Mal: *looks at crystal* No, it's a marble. CUT.

Take 34876876

Ryuga: *gets crystal*

Ryuga: This isn't L-Draco...

Mal: TITHI! WHAT IS YOUR BEY DOING IN HERE!?

Take 76553422

Ryuga: It's a nutmeg again...

Mal: No, you just forgot your contact lenses.

Julia: Cut.

Take 4987887987

Ryuga: At last...! What!?

Mal: WHY ARE YOU WEARING YOUR GLASSES!?

Julia: Cut!

Mal: Julia, STOP SAYING CUT!

Take 2938473987293

Ryuga: At last, I...uh...conquered, and, uh, stuff...

Mal: RYUGA!

Ryuga: But I forgot my lines!

Mal: We've done this 2938473987292 times, and you FORGOT!?

Julia: Actually, this is the 2938473987293rd time.

Mal: Yeah, so in the past, we've done it 2938473987292 times.

Julia: Ok.

Mal: Cut.

Take 397841923798123712987381237612836128361823612478126182973982137198246921

Ryuga: At last I...I don't wanna do it anymore...

Mal: CUT!

Chapter 22: Dusty old shelves

Guys, I have realised how my Texan vocab has been messing up stuff. Please excuse my gits and my yalls and my figureds and my reckons and my what'res and all the, oh come one what're they called, the things that are like commas upside down?

,

those things. Up there.

Daniel and Julia started school so I'm isolated right now. I will continue Smiling Through a Monday and see how things go without Mal.

Dusty shelves. Dusty old shelves. There were dusty old dusty shelves that were so old and dusty, and they were shelves that were shaped like shelves and they were old and dusty and covered in dust, and also old.

Tsubasa really needed to clean out his garage.

Yuu had an electric torch that only helped to illuminate the old dust on the dusty old shelves that were old and dusty and covered in dust. The footsteps of the other two boys crunched in the darkness behind him. The floor was crunchy. Yuu chose not to look down.

Today was the first day that the older kids had ever trusted the boys enough to leave them home alone; Yuu reckoned it was for a reason, but didn't really think on it. Technically, Kenta was supposed to be watching Yuu and Kevin, but Kenta wasn't brave enough to venture into Tsubasa's garage, so Yuu was leading the way.

"It looks a lot bigger from the inside", Kenta said, his voice shedding a watery echo off the walls around them. Even the walls sounded damp. Damp walls, crunchy floor, old and dusty shelf-shaped shelves covered in dusty old dust.

What Kenta had said was true, though. Yuu figured that if they were to measure the outside of the garage, and then measure the insides, the insides would be bigger than the outsides.

"It's like the TARDIS or something", Kevin remarked.

Kenta stopped in his tracks and squinted at Kevin. "How do you know about the TARDIS? I don't think even the authoress watches Dr. Who."

Kevin shrugged. "I pick up stuff."

Kenta shook his head. "Kevin, it's awfully weird having you here without the rest of the OCs."

Yuu shushed him. "Stop that, Kenta! You know Yami doesn't like it when you break the fourth wall!"

"What does Yami have to do with it!?"

"You know he gets into random places, just like he did with the blooper episodes."

"Those were torture."

Yuu considered using his jacket to gag Kenta. "Kenta. *Fourth Wall*. It MUST remain intact. Our survival counts on it."

Kenta shut up.

Kevin grabbed Yuu's arm and used it to aim the torch at a particular shelf. "What's all this cool stuff?" he asked curiously. "I see a cardboard box. Maybe it has treasure!"

Without warning, Kevin began to climb up the shelves. Kenta looked anxious. Both he and Yuu knew what happened when you climbed up things you weren't supposed to. But Kevin, being lightweight, managed to grab the box and climb down without breaking anything.

He did, however, unleash a shower of old dusty shelf dust from the dusty old shelves that were covered in old dust, right on top of the older boys' heads.

After figuring out how to breathe again, Yuu recovered his torch from under a shelf where he had dropped it, and shined it

into the cardboard box. A rat skittered out of it first, accompanied shortly after by several large cockroaches, a parakeet, and something that looked suspiciously like a lemur.

Kevin dived into the box. Yuu was surprised that he could actually submerge himself in the box without knocking it over. He emerged a second later with an Iron Man flashlight held in his hand. Kevin let out a triumphant war whoop. "It still works!"

"That's the first thing you grabbed?"

"I know Iron Man when I smell it", Kevin answered. Yuu shined his torch back up to the top shelf, and realised it was pretty amazing that Kevin had gotten the box with the Iron Man flashlight in it out of the hundred boxes stacked on the top shelf alone.

Kevin turned the beam of the Iron Man flashlight onto the side of the box. 'Old toys from the old house' was written in permanent marker on its side. "Wow. Tsubasa had some weird toys when he was a kid", remarked Kevin. "Look!" He pulled out a Japanese Samurai Obama figurine.

"I don't see why he had this when he was a kid. These are new", Kenta said suspiciously.

"I bet all these are his secret collection. Maybe there's some good blackmail stuff in this garage", Yuu pondered. "I'm keeping this. It's kind of funny." He then pocketed the figurine.

"Let's take this inside where we've got more light." Kenta looked around nervously, hoping the rat wouldn't come back. Yuu rolled his eyes at Kenta, who was being a *total/ussy*, and hefted the box under his arm. Kevin led the way with his Iron Man flashlight, and Kenta relaxed visibly as they left the garage.

Yuu plopped the box down on the kitchen table, and Kevin eagerly started pulling stuff out. He found a white baby blanket with *Emma* embroidered on the edge. "This looks familiar. Is this the original baby blanket from Once Upon a Time!?"

"First Dr. Who, and now this, Kevin!?" Kenta threw up his hands. "How much off-limits TV have you been watching? I'm starting to think that I could be a better guardian for you than Ryuga!"

Kevin just shrugged. "Maybe he was an extra in the show or something. Hey, check out this watch...are these genuine chocolate diamonds?"

"How are you so knowledgeable about collector's items!?" Kenta was staring at the younger boy with wide eyes. Kevin shrugged again.

The three boys sifted through the rest of the box. Kevin left frequently to squirrel away whatever items he wanted to keep. Neither of the older boys stopped him.

Tsubasa finally got home from work and promptly crashed on the couch. It had been a long day. Kenta wrangled the other two into bed, though an hour late. Since there were no adults awake to drive him home, he bunked on the floor of Yuu's bedroom with Kevin. Yuu went to sleep with the Samurai Obama figurine tucked into his waistband.

Around 2 am, Kenta woke to hear claws scuffling on the wood floor outside the bedroom. He cracked an eye open to find Dumptruck sniffing about in the hall. Suddenly she straightened and seemed to stare straight past him at the sleeping Yuu. Her nose quivered. Kenta was about to call out to her, but then a deep voice rang out through the house. "WHO HAS MY SAMURAI OBAMA FIGURINE!?"

Kenta shrieked and jumped about three feet off the floor, which woke Kevin, who screamed, which woke Yuu, who had the Samurai Obama figurine.

"WHO SAID THAT!?" yelled Kenta. "YUU. YUU, STOP TRYING TO SCARE US!"

Yuu blinked at him with wide frog eyes. "I didn't say that. I swear. I was asleep the whole time."

"You're just trying to scare me with that Samurai Obama thing you found in the garage! That's not cool!" Kenta glared.

Yuu paled, staring at the hallway. Kenta was still angry. "What? What, is this another part of your joke!? Come on, Yuu, you know I don't like it when you - "

Then Kevin yelped.

Kenta turned and saw that there was a hulking figure where Dumptruck had stood a moment earlier, as tall as Tsubasa

at the shoulder, with fangs dripping venom.

"WHO HAS MY SAMURAI OBAMA FIGURE!?"

It was then that Kenta realised it was coming from the Dumptruck-thing. "Th-th- -"

Yuu grabbed him by the arm and pulled him out the window. "We gotta get away from that thing!"

"It's a Chupacabra", said Kevin as they ran down the sidewalk towards the corner of the block. "Chupacabras are actually humans trapped in a dog's body! Sometimes their human natures show through, like their voices. They also possess magical powers."

"And you know this...how?"

"Experience", Kevin explained. There was no time to talk it over. The trio ran headfirst into the Chupacabra, who was standing around the corner waiting for them. It roared loudly. Just when Kenta was certain they would be eaten, Bealle Juniper from across the street appeared behind them.

"Hey, is that a Chupacabra?"

Kenta squeaked in terror and bolted behind her. "Do something, Bealle! It wants to eat us!"

Bealle laughed and shook her head. She strode forward and plucked the Samurai Obama action figure from Yuu's waistband and presented it to the monster.

Dumptruck took the action figure between her jaws and scampered off like a thundering puppy. Bealle shrugged. "She'll be back by morning. Hey, Kevin, you should know better than to take a Chupacabra's action figure."

"I thought it was Tsubasa's", Kevin explained.

"Oh. OK. Well, you'll know better next time."

"Why should he have known better!?" demanded Kenta. "What am I missing here?"

Bealle just gave them a mysterious smile and walked away.

Back at Tsubasa's apartment, Kenta climbed into bed, exhausted. "Let's not go back in the garage for awhile, guys", he suggested.

"No way! There's more Iron Man stuff in there." Before Kenta could ask how Kevin knew this, the younger boy was fast asleep.

Tsubasa woke and found that Dumptruck was draped across his chest, still asleep, with a Samurai Obama action figure in her mouth. "Hey, Yuu", he said to the younger boy when he woke up, "Where did Dumptruck get this?"

"She wasn't always a dog", said Yuu with a shrug.

"Huh?"

Yuu shrugged again.

"Is there something I don't know?" Tsubasa was beginning to get suspicious.

"Yeah. I pawned your old watch that was in your garage."

"That was my grandfather's! It had real chocolate diamonds on it!"

Yuu slapped his knee in frustration. "That pawnbroker cheated me! He said they were only white chocolate diamonds, and I believed him!"

Tsubasa shook his head. "We all know white chocolate is not real chocolate, Yuu."

"Told ya they were real", Kevin said on his way to the kitchen. "Now come on guys. I think I smell an Iron Man iron in the garage."

***Chapter 23*: Moving Day**

A NOTE TO ALL SmTaM FANS:

Smiling has reached its third season! Season 2 is complete because it's time for Madeleine to have a new start. Please see Smiling Strikes Again: SmTaM Season 3 for more information.

Please to disregard Like The Rain, recently taken down; I am back in the Beyblade fandom and intend to stay for awhile :) The chapter Reorganisation has also been taken down because Mal is here to stay and I've found more time to write. SmTaM is my pride and joy and I can't leave it.

Love ya,

Madeleine

***Chapter 24*: The HiSpeedCarrot of Epicness**

Hello everybody,

I have some news for you...

M. Joy will no longer be writing fanfiction. She has moved on to other venues, namely original writing. On the rare occasion that she continues to write fanfiction, it will be posted to her deviantArt account (chika365).

So who is writing this, you ask? It is me, HiSpeedCarrot! That's why the account name and picture have changed. I am learning how to write the same way my nee-san did.

I hope to hear from you all soon! Please read and review my stories, and use constructive criticism! I will continue to write for Beyblade and Ninja Turtles, and possible Teen Titans as well.

Thank you for reading!

-HiSpeedCarrot